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FEATURING  
FEARLESS  
SELLERS

JANUARY

# BLUE BOLT

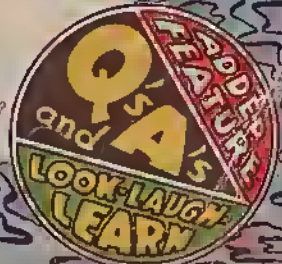
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BLUE  
BOLT



VOL. 5 NO. 4

JOE DONOHUE





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# BLUE BOLT FLASHES

## The Editors Write:

Hi gang—

It'll be turkey time before we pop in on you again, so here's hoping you have a really good Thanksgiving. Enjoy yourselves but don't be stuffy about that big spread you're going to have or your indigestion will be a little the worse for wear. It's a temptation, though, for whenever we sit down to roast turkey, nut dressing, rich gravy, cranberry sauce, and various and sundry other edibles, why, doggone it, we're full long before we've eaten everything we want!! Our eyes are just twice the size of our tummies!

There are two one-page stories in this issue because a number of your letters have requested the two-page fiction be split in half. Let us know how you like them and whether or not we should continue with this idea. Some of you seem to think shorter stories make for easier reading while others say not. It's up to you gang, to decide what's to be done.

Just a reminder not to slow up on the paper, tin, and waste fat salvage, for they're still essential ingredients to the war effort. As our armies sweep forward we'll need more and more supplies to keep up with them, and you are the ones who can help out immeasurably; so pitch right in!

Again, gang, enjoy your Thanksgiving Day to the utmost

Cordially yours,  
THE EDITORS

## The Readers Write:

Dear Editors:

I have just finished reading the latest issue of BLUE BOLT, and I think it is the best issue ever. I read Blue Bolt Flashes and in one letter a guy said that Eddie and Jerry go a little too far. Well, to tell the truth, sometimes they do; but name a comic that doesn't. Anyway it wouldn't be interesting if they didn't.

I think every story in BLUE BOLT is swell.

An interested reader,  
Joan Simpson  
Montgomery, Alabama

*You've really got something there, Joan. Although Eddie and Jerry do get into unusual scrapes, if they didn't you probably wouldn't care for them at all!!*

\* \* \*

Dear Editors:

I am one of your constant readers and I have one criticism. That is that Edison Bell has modern adventures, but he wears knickers that boys nowadays don't. His adventures are more than the average boy has, but through him we, the readers, imagine ourselves in just such adventures. Thank you for that!

I couldn't ask for more in the rest of BLUE BOLT and the art is "on the beam." Keep it up!

A faithful fan,  
Mary Irene Fowler  
Denver, Colorado

*Eddie will go shopping for his first pair of longies real soon, Mary. You're right, of course, for he has grown too large for knickers.*

\* \* \*

Dear Editors:

I enjoy BLUE BOLT as alien as I can get a copy to read. It is really swell; so full of variety. I especially like Fearless Fellers and Dick Cole, but the others are good, too. I am 13 years old and a freshman at Pinal High School. We boys have a comic book exchange and sometimes I buy copies I want to keep.

I am a 4-H Club member and we are collecting waste paper and scrap at present.

Yours truly,  
Jimmie Mathies  
Elita, R. No. 1, Miss.

*Keep up the good work, Jimmie, and don't slip up on salvaging paper for we need every scrap for the war effort.*

Dear Editors:

I have been reading your magazine for some time and find that it makes for relaxing reading and it's a big factor in passing the time. I enjoy Krisko and Jasper and their adventures. I have noticed that BLUE BOLT is read by nearly every member aboard ship, and such popularity must be deserved. It's a good book, makes good reading, but I would like to see it put up in pocket-size overseas editions for the Armed Forces. It's not only an original idea but it will prove popular with the Army, Navy, Seafarers and Marines from China to Ireland!

At any rate, BLUE BOLT gets my vote whether on shore or afloat, for good, last, interesting reading.

Respectfully,  
Peter Wersching  
Somewhere in So. Pacific

*Thanks for the complimentary V-mail, Pete.*

\* \* \*

Dear Editors:

I've just finished reading the last issue of BLUE BOLT. I like it because most of the stories did really happen or at least could have happened. My three brothers and I read it over and over many times.

Some people think that Dick Cole's drawings are good, though. I don't. I think their heads should be a little more lifelike.

I am the oldest child in my family—being 10. Each week I write a little family newspaper and send it to my relatives. I have comic strips in it, too.

Yours truly,  
Joan Houck  
Decatur, Illinois

*The idea of a family paper is certainly good, Joan, so keep it up! Take a good look at the Cole's strip in this issue, though. We've an idea you'll really like it.*

\* \* \*

Dear Editors:

I like BLUE BOLT COMICS better than any yet. Dick Cole and Sergeant Spook are my favorites.

But that's not the only thing I like about BLUE BOLT. It's swell the way the editors take the criticism.

A reader,  
Dolores Tranb  
Tucson, Arizona

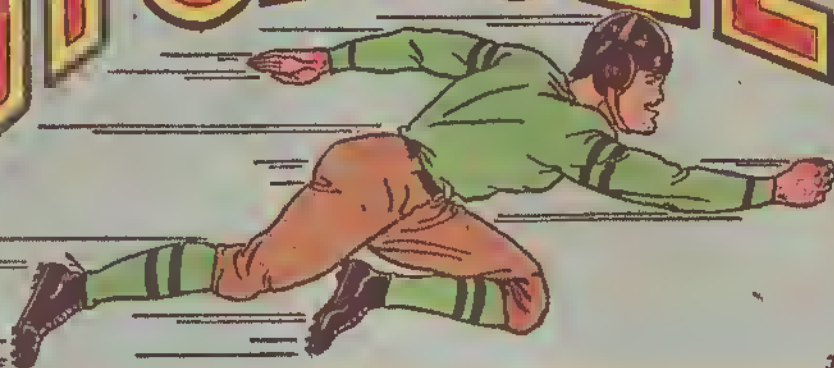
*It's really no credit to us at all, Dolores, for the complimentary letters far overbalance the criticism.*

ADDRESS YOUR MAIL TO BLUE BOLT COMICS, 111 W. 19th St., NEW YORK 11, N. Y.

\$1.00 in War Stamps will be sent to the writer of each letter published on this page.

A 25c War Stamp will be sent if a portion of a letter is used.

# DICK COLE



JIM WILCOX

FOOTBALL AT FARR MILITARY ACADEMY IS NEARLY OVER. TEAM PLAY, PLUS THE ALL AROUND BRILLIANCE OF DICK COLE, HAVE PRODUCED AN UNBEATEN SEASON TO DATE. ONLY WILSON ACADEMY AND HOLDEN M.A. REMAIN ON THE SCHEDULE. BECAUSE OF DICK'S ABILITY, HIS UNDER STUDY, BARKLEY HALL, HAS SEEN VERY LITTLE ACTION ALL SEASON, AND HALL IS "BURNED UP". PRACTICE OVER, AND MOST OF THE SQUAD SHOWERED, DRESSED, AND GONE, HALL IS EXPRESSING HIS FEELINGS.

WELL, WE PLAY WILSON TOMORROW, THEN HOLDEN NEXT SATURDAY. BANG! SEASON'S OVER! I'VE PLAYED EXACTLY SEVEN MINUTES ALL YEAR! AND WHY?... BECAUSE DICK COLE HAS HOGGED THE WHOLE SHOW. I HAVEN'T HAD A CHANCE TO STRUT MY STUFF!

YOU'LL HAVE TO ADMIT COLE'S GOOD, HALL.

WHY DICK COLE IS TOPS!

OH, HE'S GOOD—TOO GOOD! I WISH HE'D BREAK A NECK OR A LEG, OR SOMETHING! HOW I WANT TO GET INTO THESE LAST TWO GAMES!

YOU DON'T MEAN THAT, BARK!



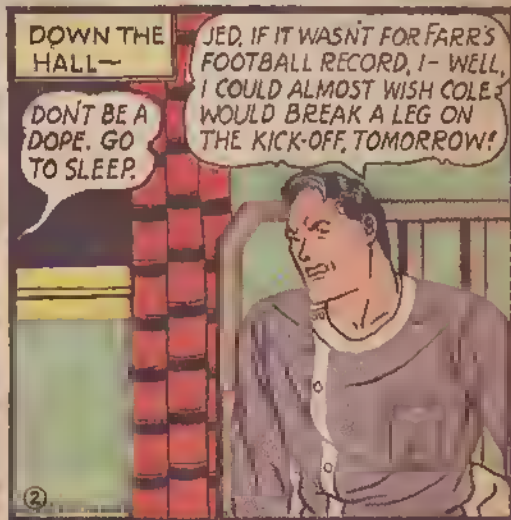
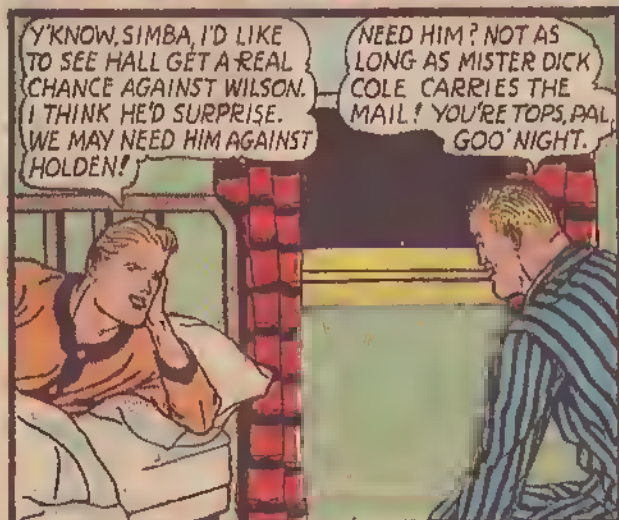
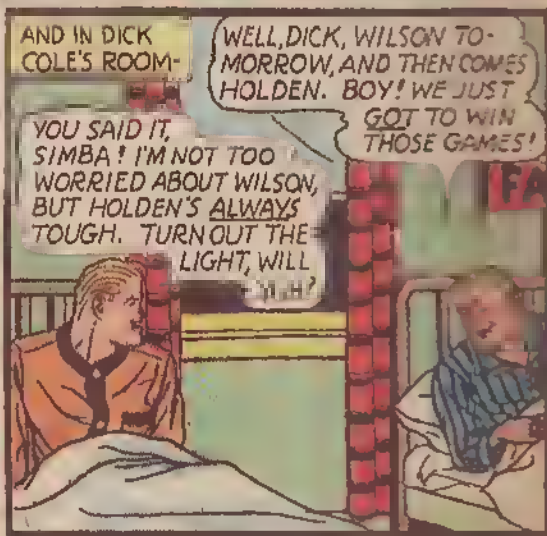
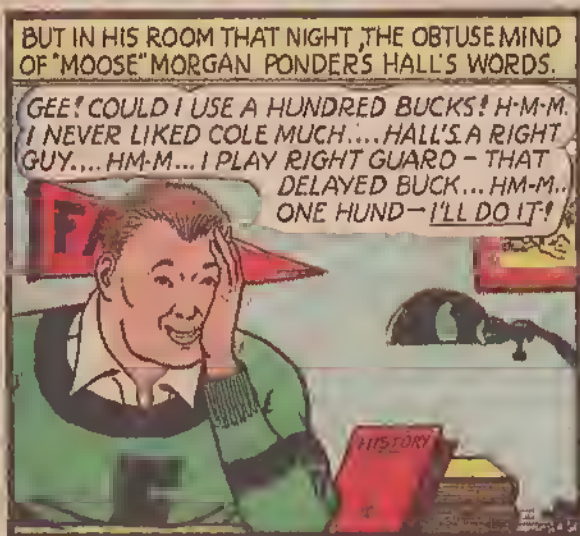
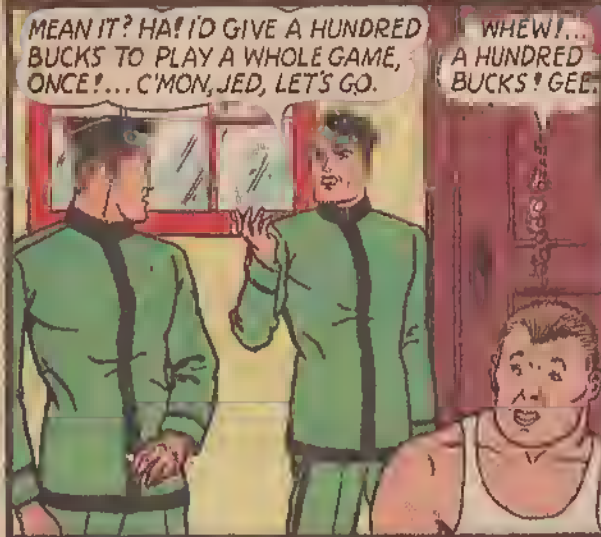
Art Director  
MEL CUMMIN

Editor and General Manager—ROBERT D. WHEELER  
Associate Editor—JANE SPAULDING NYE

Editorial Assistant  
PEGGY ANN CROWLEY

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SATURDAY AFTERNOON--THE MIDDLE OF THE THIRD QUARTER OF THE FARR M.A. vs. WILSON ACADEMY GAME. A SCRAPPY WILSON TEAM HAS PLAYED THE FARR ELEVEN, COMPOSED OF THE FIRST STRING LINE AND SECOND STRING BACKFIELD, TO A STANDSTILL. WHEN WILSON SCORES SIX POINTS, COACH BRADLY...SENDS IN HIS FIRST STRING BACKFIELD.



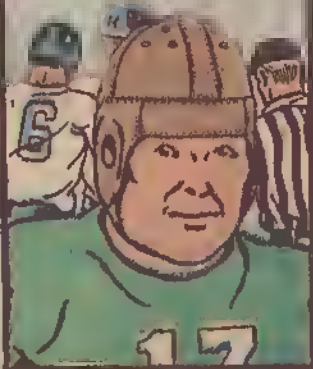
SIMBA! SLIPRY!  
COLE! HURD!  
GET IN THERE  
AND DO SOMETHING!

LAURA BRADLY LEADS THE CHEER--



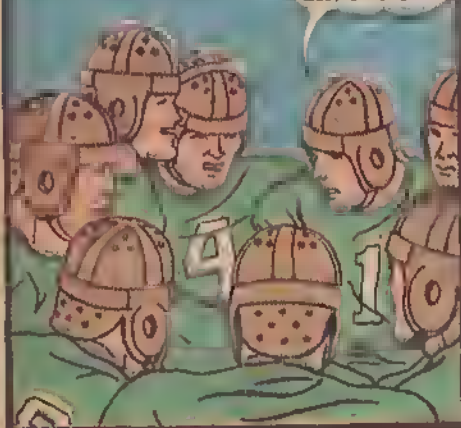
WHICH RIGHT GUARD, "MOOSE" MORGAN, ECHOES.

HOORAY! HERE COMES COLE--AND MY CHANCE!

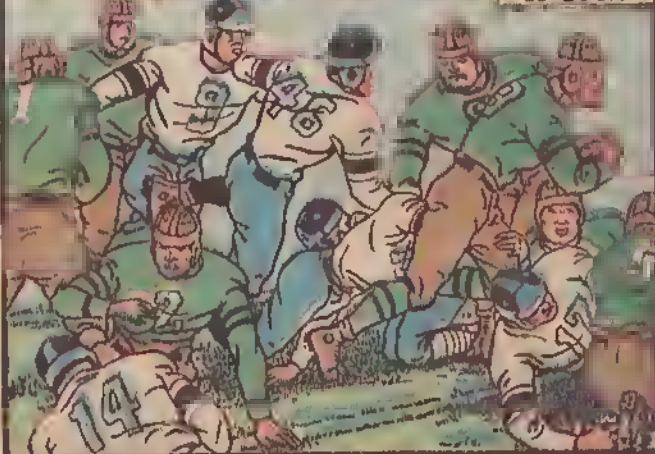


FARR HUDDLES, THEN--

OKAY, D-11,  
GANG!...  
LET'S GO!!



DICK CRASHES THROUGH HIS RIGHT GUARD ON A DELAYED BUCK--



AS DICK SMASHES THE LINE, TWO HANDS--

REACH UP!

THE PLAYERS UNTANGLE--

WHAT'S  
WRONG,  
DICK?

OW! MY ANKLE!



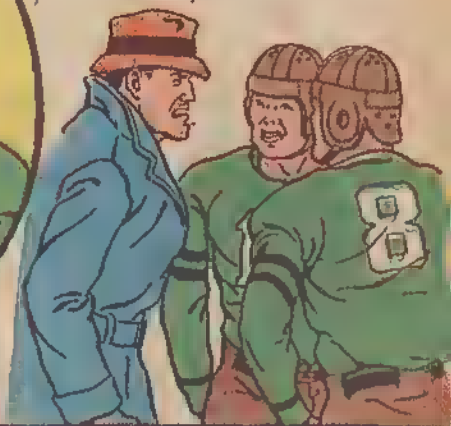


I SAW WHAT YOU DID TO DICK, MOOSE MORGAN! YOU'RE A LOW-DOWN—

SHUT YOUR YAP, YOU DRIP, OR I'LL—

**SOC!**

ALL RIGHT, YOU TWO! OUT OF THE GAME! OFF THE FIELD! QUICK!

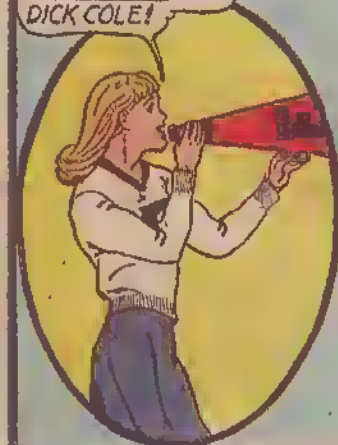


ALL OUT, GANG, IN A "LOCOMOTIVE" FOR DICK COLE!

GOSH, I HOPE THIS DOESN'T KEEP ME OUT OF THE HOLDEN GAME NEXT SATURDAY!

DON'T WORRY, DICK. YOU'LL BE OKAY.

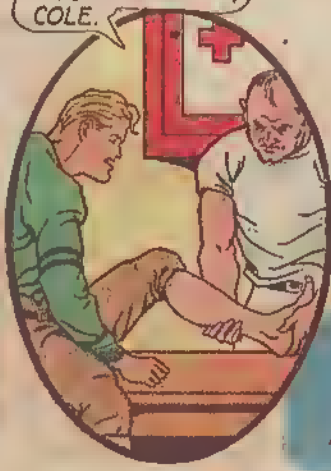
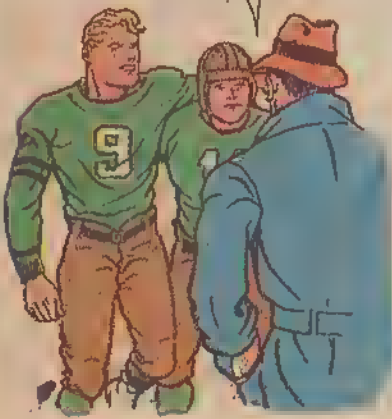
**RAH-AH COLE!**



TOO BAD, DICK, TOO BAD! HELP HIM TO THE TRAINER, BROWN. TAKE IT EASY, DICK.

HM-M-M... DOESN'T LOOK TOO GOOD, COLE.

HALL, HERE'S YOUR CHANCE! TAKE COLE'S PLACE—GIVE 'EM FITS!



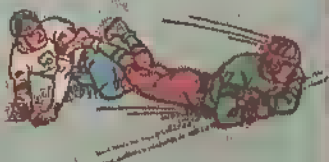
BARKLEY HALL  
GOES BERSERK!

HE—  
PLUNGES



PASSES AND

THE WILSON TEAM OFF ITS FEET/AS  
THE GAME ENDS, HALL INTERCEPTS  
A PASS AND RUNS IT BACK FOR THE  
FINAL SCORE.



PUNTS

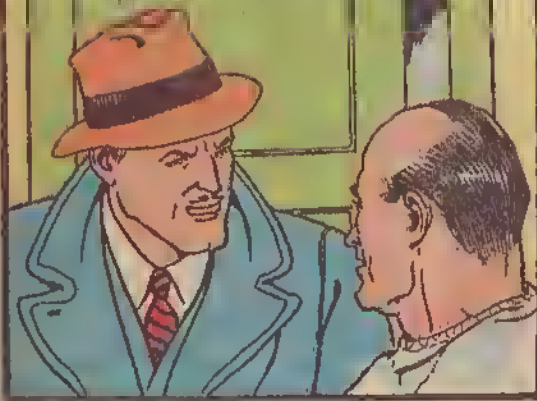


TEAM	SCORE
WILSON	6
FARR	19
PERIOD 4	DOWN 9 YDS 0

AFTER THE GAME, COACH  
BRADLY SEES TRAINER TUCKER.

WELL, TUCKER, WILL  
COLE BE ABLE TO GO  
AGAINST HOLDEN  
NEXT SATURDAY?

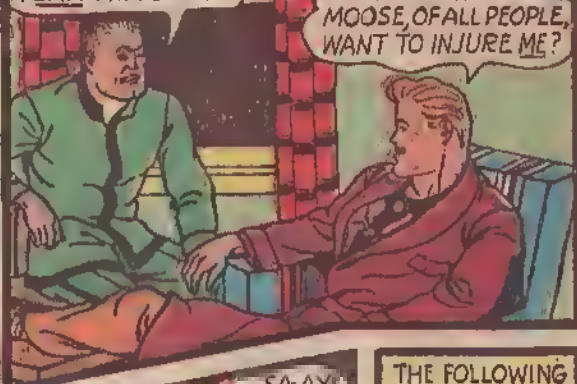
THE LIGAMENTS ARE  
TORN, I'M AFRAID THE  
ANSWER IS—NO SOAP!



IN DICK'S  
ROOM THAT NIGHT.

DICK, THAT  
(POLECAT, MOOSE MORGAN, DELIBERATELY  
TWISTED YOUR ANKLE!  
I SAW HIM DO IT!

BUT WHY SHOULD  
MOOSE, OF ALL PEOPLE,  
WANT TO INJURE ME?



SEARCH ME— BUT HE  
DID! AND NOW, WITH  
YOU OUT OF THE  
GAME, WE'LL PROBABLY  
LOSE TO HOLDEN  
NEXT SATURDAY!

NOT IF BARKLEY  
HALL GOES AS  
HE DID TODAY!  
THAT GUY IS—  
GOOD!



SA—AY!  
COULD THERE BE  
ANY TIE-UP BETWEEN HALL  
AND YOUR INJURY? MAYBE HE  
GOT MOOSE TO  
LAY YOU OUT  
— HE HATE—

OF COURSE  
NOT! HALL  
IS NO RAT!...  
FORGET IT!



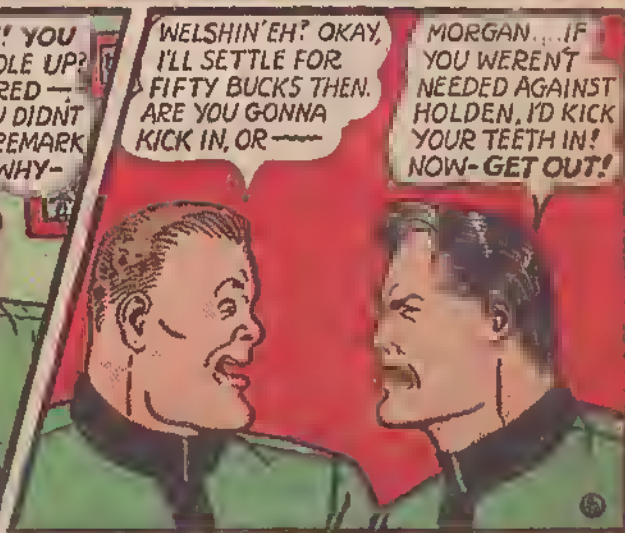
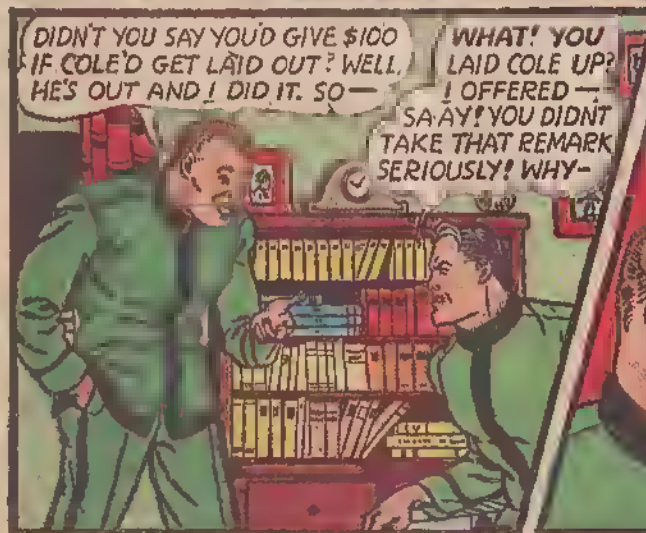
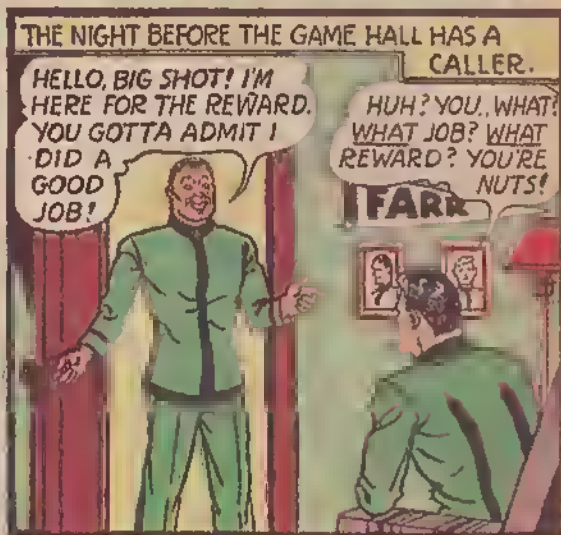
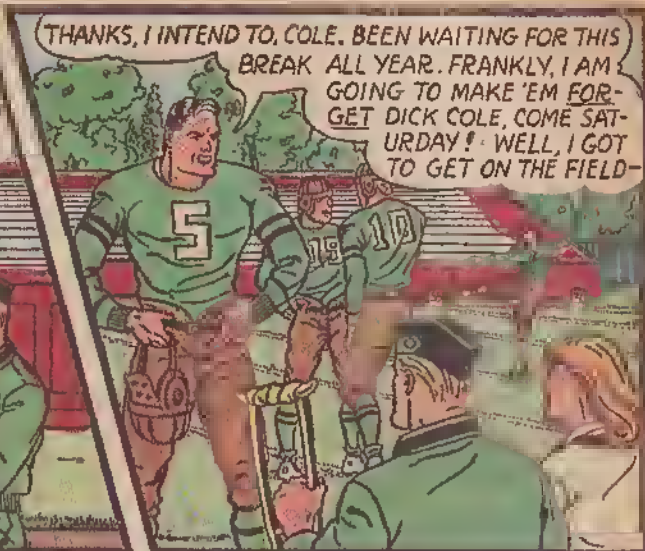
THE FOLLOWING  
DAY DICK .....  
HOBBLES OUT  
TO WATCH....  
PRACTICE AND  
MEETS LAURA.

HELLO, LAURA!

OH, DICK! I'M  
JUST SICK OVER  
YOUR INJURY!  
I— OH, HERE  
COMES HALL.







O-KAY! I'M GOIN' BUT YOU'LL WISH YOU'D PLAY-EO SQUARE! YOU'LL SEE!

GET... OUT!

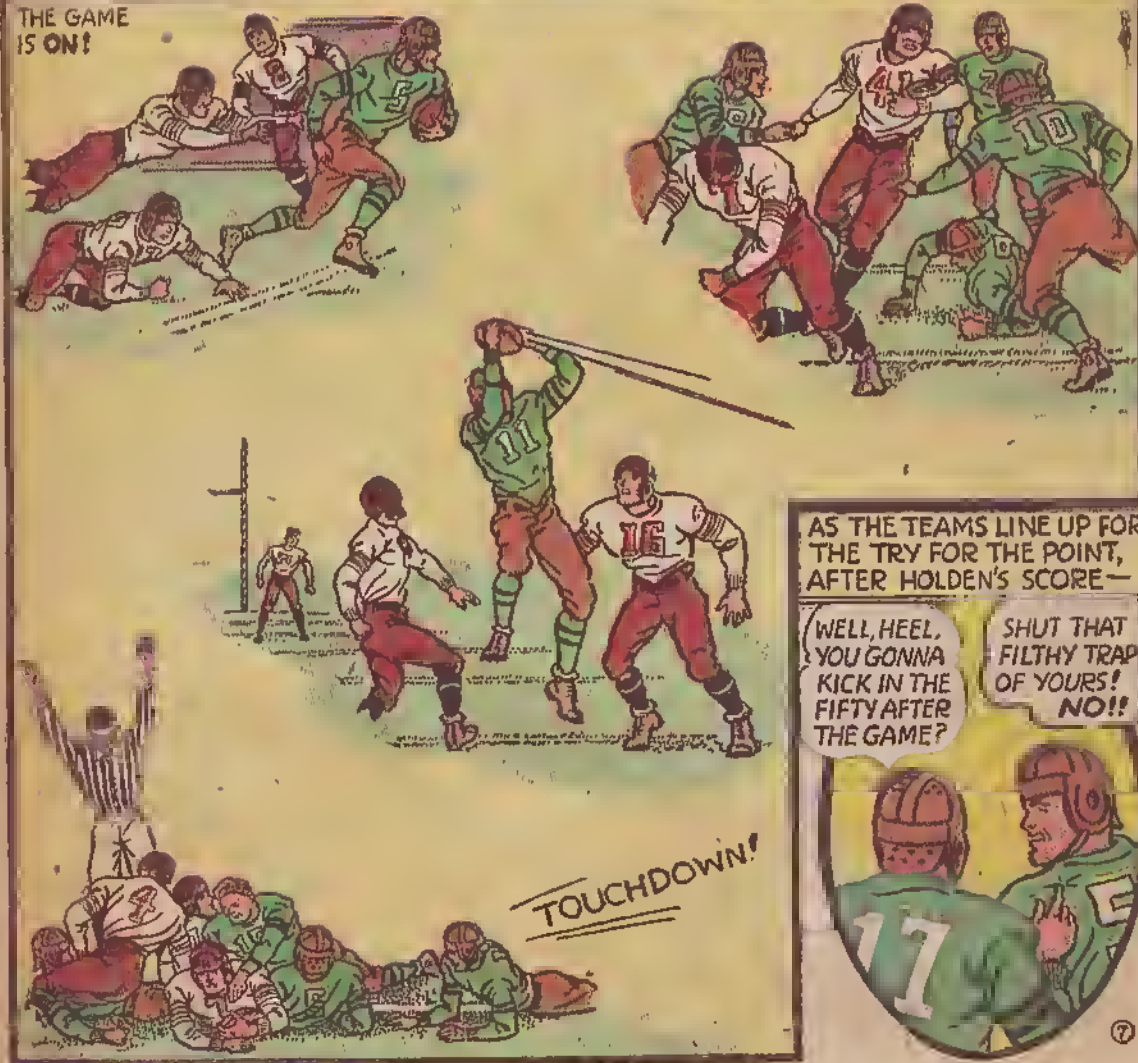
IN THE FARR LOCKER ROOMS... GAME TIME WITH HOLDEN M.A.

ALL RIGHT, BOYS, THIS IS IT! WATCH OUT FOR DALE JACKS AND HIS QUICK KICK. DON'T LET NUMBER 4, BURGESS, GET LOOSE ON THAT DOUBLE REVERSE HIT 'EM HARD!... PLAY CLEAN! LET'S GO!!

THE RIVAL CAPTAINS SHAKE HANDS AND THE COIN IS TOSSED.

YEA-HOLDEN! FARR FARR!

THE GAME IS ON!



AS THE TEAMS LINE UP FOR THE TRY FOR THE POINT, AFTER HOLDEN'S SCORE—

WELL, HEEL, YOU GONNA KICK IN THE FIFTY AFTER THE GAME?

SHUT THAT FILTHY TRAP OF YOURS! NO!!





AND ON THE FARR BENCH—

WELL, THEY MADE IT! BOY!  
HOLDEN'S AHEAD SO DO  
SEVEN POINTS. 1!  
GEE! I WISH YOU  
WERE IN THERE,  
DICK!



1<sup>ST</sup> DOWN ON HOLDEN'S 19 YD.  
LINE. SIMBA PLUNGES FOR  
3 YARDS.

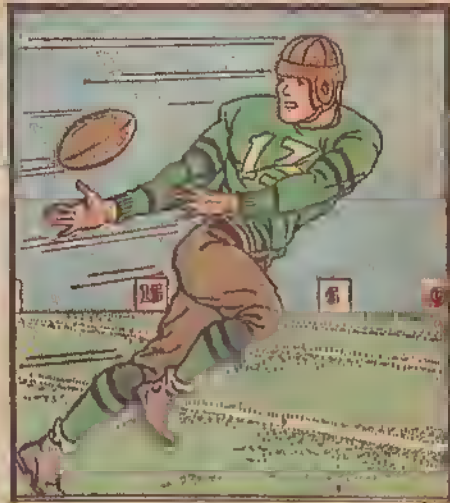


IT IS THE 4<sup>TH</sup> QUARTER OF  
THE HARD-FOUGHT GAME..  
2 MIN. 15 SECONDS TO GO...  
SCORE..HOLDEN, 20; FARR,  
19. HALL, WHO HAD THE  
WIND KNOCKED OUT OF  
HIM LATE IN THE 3<sup>RD</sup>  
QUARTER, GOES BACK IN.  
FARR RECEIVES—AND HALL  
RUNS IT BACK TO FARR'S  
39 YARD LINE. 1<sup>ST</sup> DOWN.

WE'LL PASS! P4-6-11!



THEN HALL, ON A NAKED  
REVERSE, MAKES IT  
1<sup>ST</sup> DOWN ON HOLDEN'S  
7 YARD LINE.



THE PASS IS GOOD TO HOLDEN'S 19 YD. LINE—

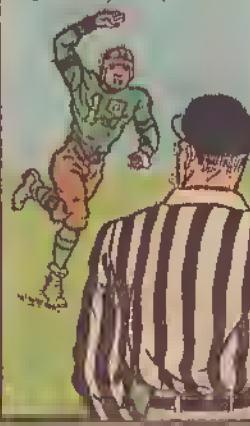
1<sup>ST</sup> DOWN—GOAL TO  
GO! HALL CRACKS  
CENTER—AND—



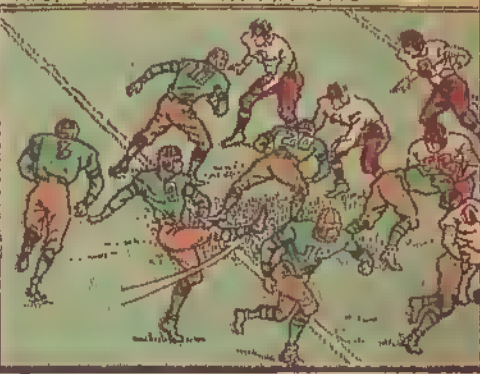
GOSH! HE'S OUT COLO!



GROGGY, HALL IS OUT  
OF THE GAME. A SUB  
RUNS IN, AND, WITH—



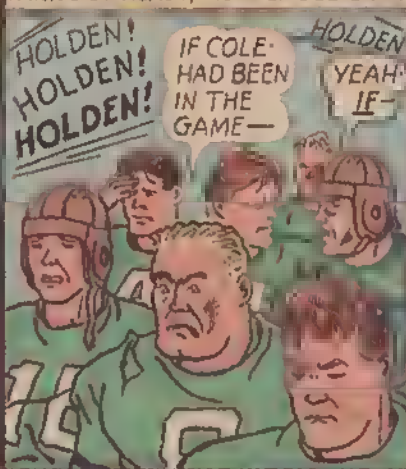
20 SECONDS TO GO, THE FARR QUARTER-  
BACK DECIDES TO TRY TO FOOL HOLDEN.  
SQUARELY IN FRONT OF THE GOAL POSTS  
HE CALLS PLAY—K-L-49, A FAKE PLACE  
KICK WITH THE END AROUND—



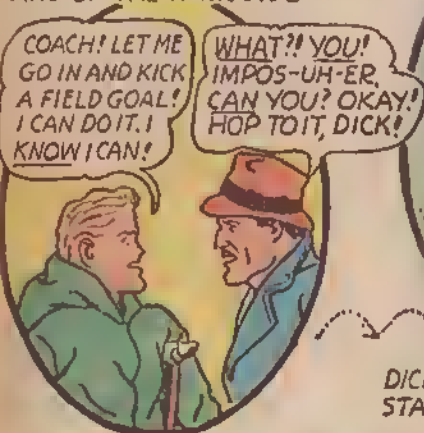
THE PLAY IS THROWN FOR AN EIGHT YARD LOSS AS THE GUN GOES OFF ENDING THE GAME! HOLDEN WINS! 20 TO 19

THE TEAMS START OFF THE FIELD—FARR DOWNCAST, HOLDEN JUBILANT.

BUT WHAT IS THIS CONFERENCE BACK ON THE 7 YARD LINE?

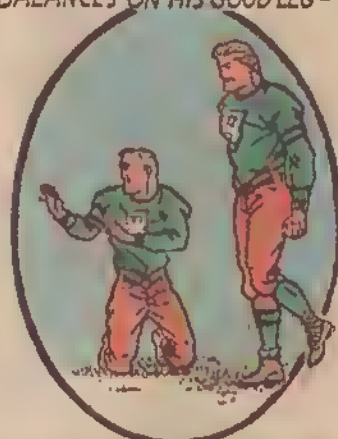


PANDEMONIUM REIGNS AS THE TEAMS TROOP BACK TO THE FIELD. AND ON THE FARR SIDE—



DICK HOPS TO IT, AS THE STANDS ROCK WITH CHEERS!

DICK REPORTS—TIME IS IN—THE TEAMS LINE UP. DICK BALANCES ON HIS GOOD LEG—



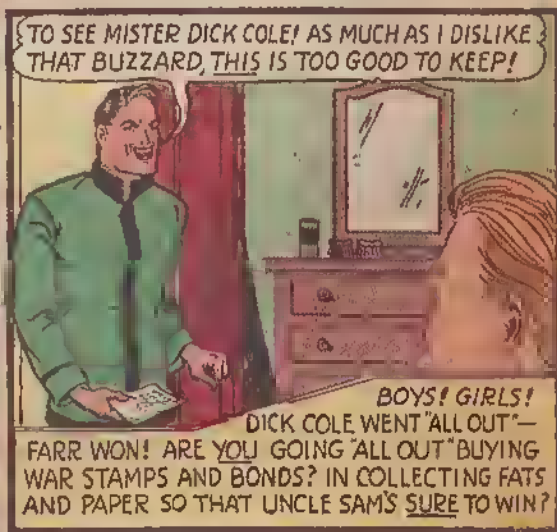
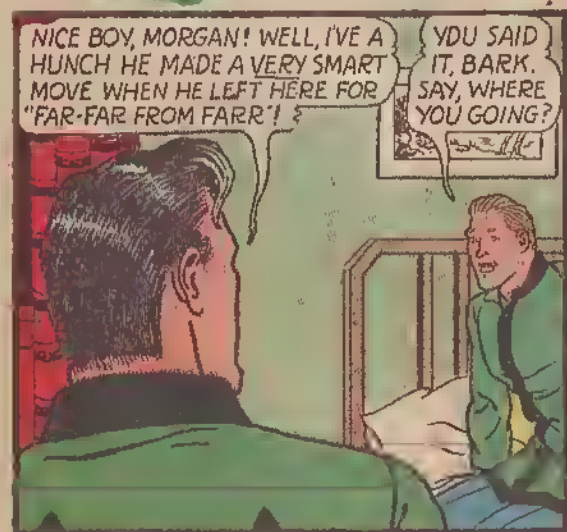
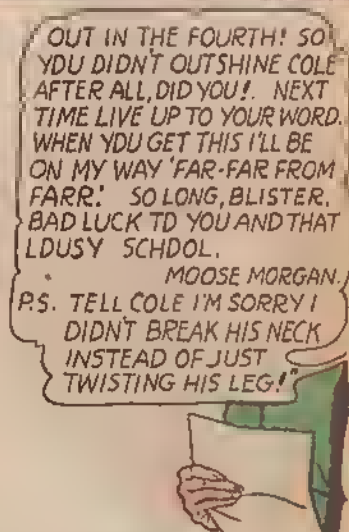
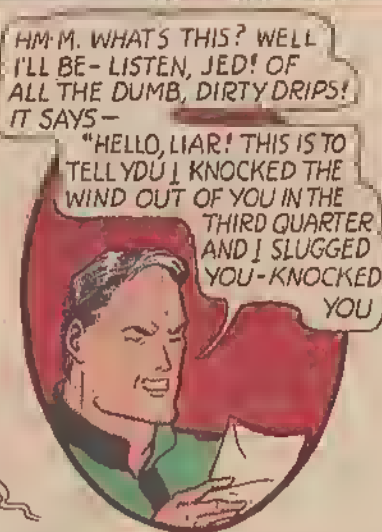
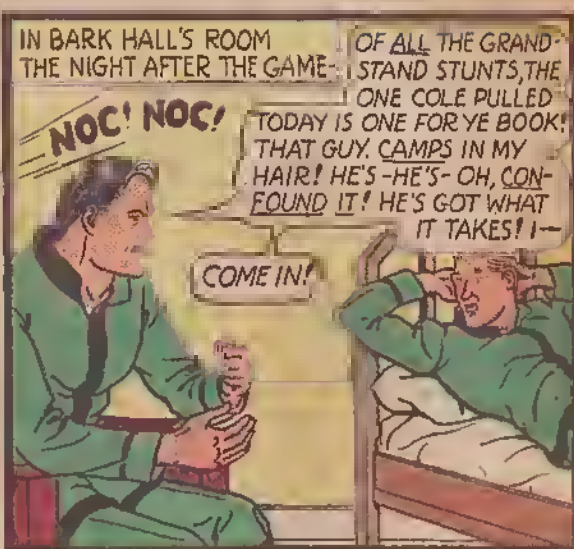
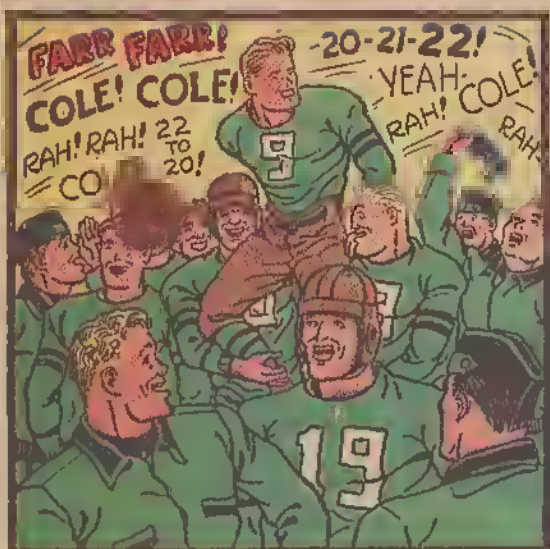
THE BALL IS SNAPPED TO SIMBA. DICK—

GRITS HIS TEETH—SHIFTS TO HIS INJURED LEG AND KICKS—

SPLITTING THE CROSS BAR FOR 3 POINTS, AND FARR WINS 22 TO 20 AS DICK.... COLLAPSES ON THE GROUND.

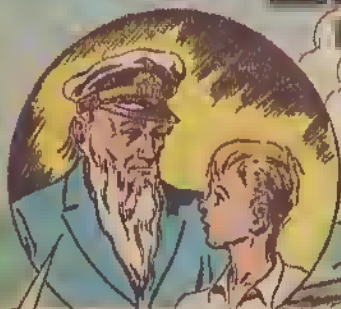




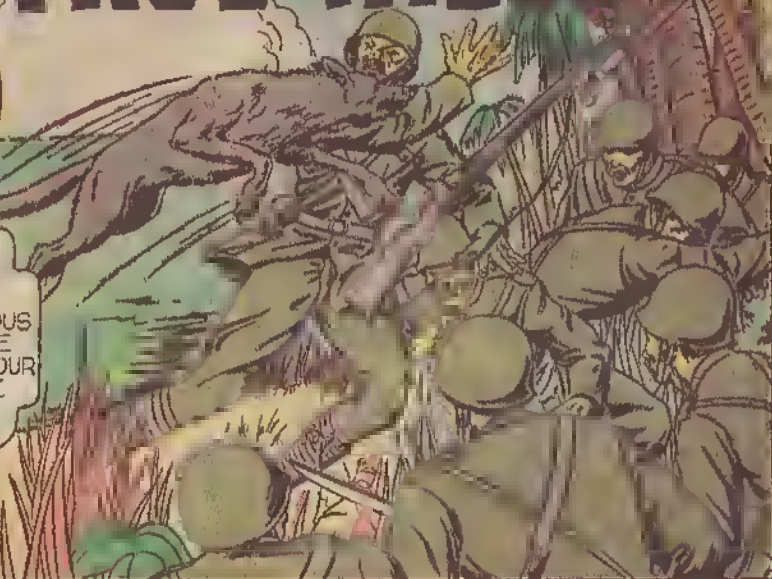


STAY RIGHT BEHIND OUR FIGHTING MEN  
TIL VICTORY IS THEIRS AGAIN.

# OLD CAP HAWKINS TRUE TALES



IT'S SAID JOEY, THAT MAN'S  
BEST FRIEND IS HIS DOG.  
NOTHING CAN PROVE THAT  
BETTER THAN THE COURAGEOUS  
FEATS OF THE DOGS OF THE  
K-9 CORPS, WHO ARE WITH OUR  
FIGHTING MEN ALL OVER THE  
WORLD. THEY'RE FINE, BRAVE  
DOGS - LIKE CAESAR.



CAESAR, A 4 YR. OLD SHEPHERD DOG,  
LANDED WITH THE MARINES AT BOUGAIN-  
VILLE - THE FIRST OF THE MARINE DOG  
PLATOON TO GO ASHORE.

AT 'EM, CAESAR!



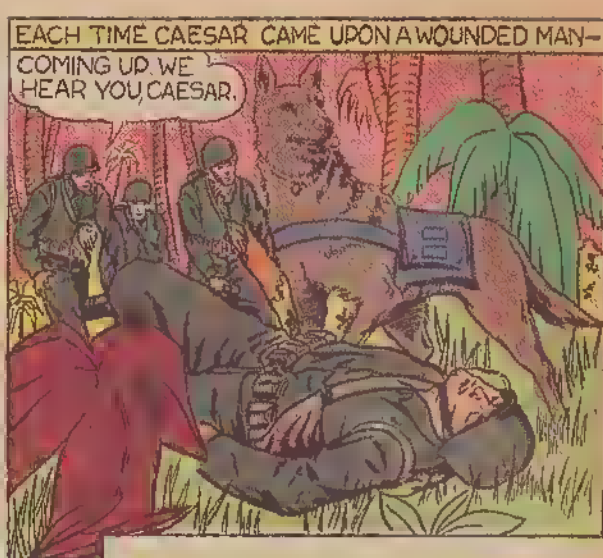
AND CAESAR WAS AT 'EM!

GOOD WORK, BOY!...  
BUT THEY NEED YOU  
AT HEADQUARTERS.  
BACK, CAESAR!



THE FIGHT IS ON. THERE'S MUCH TO DO  
WE AT HOME MUST PITCH IN, TOO.





SOON THE DAUNTLESS MARINES WERE CHASING THE JAPS  
DEEPER AND DEEPER INTO THE JUNGLE. AND WITH LEATHER-  
NECKS' SWIFT INLAND ADVANCE, CAESARS JOB BECAME BIGGER.



A MOMENT LATER...

BOY, WE JUST  
MADE IT!

YOU SURE  
CAN SMELL  
THOSE JAPS,  
CAESAR.

SOON....

WHAT'S LEFT IS SURE  
ON THE RUN.  
LET'S GO, BOY.

BUT.....

NO WONDER- FOR BEHIND THE  
TANGLE OF FOLIAGE....

GRENADE  
WILL FINISH  
THEM.

CAESAR SENSES THE ENEMY!

BUT BEFORE CAESAR CAN GET AWAY....

A HIGHLY TRAINED DOG WILL ALWAYS SEIZE THE  
ENEMY'S THROWING OR SHOOTING ARM.

ANSWER No. 5.  
Three stripes denote a Sergeant.





I GOT 'EM BOTH  
FOR YOU,  
BUDDY.



YOU STAY HERE ....  
I'LL SEND A STRETCHER  
AS SOON AS I GET TO  
OUR LINES.



BUT THE VALIANT DOG RE-  
FUSES TO LEAVE HIS JOB.  
A HALF HOUR LATER....

IT'S JOHN AND  
THE DOG. THEY  
GOT THROUGH!

CAESAR'S  
WOUNDED.  
GET HIM  
TO ADDRESS-  
ING STATION.



TOUGH LEATHERNECKS WAIT ANXIOUSLY-

HOW IS  
HE, DOC?

WILL HE  
LIVE?



RELAX, FELLOWS. HE'LL  
BE GOOD AS NEW IN A  
COUPLE OF DAYS.

THAT'S  
SWELL!



AND IN A COUPLE OF DAYS....

THE JAPS ARE DRIVEN OUT.  
OUR LINES ARE CONSOLIDATED.  
CONGRATULATIONS TO YOU  
AND CAESAR FOR GETTING  
THAT VITAL MESSAGE THROUGH.

THANK  
YOU, SIR.



AND YOU, CAESAR...  
TO A VALIANT FRIEND...

YES, THE K-9 CORPS ARE FAITHFUL, FIGHTING WAR  
DOGS... ALL VALIANT FRIENDS OF THE UNITED NATIONS.

KEEP ON DOING YOUR HOME FRONT CHORE  
AND BRING OUR MEN FROM THAT FOREIGN SHORE.

# FEARLESS FELLERS

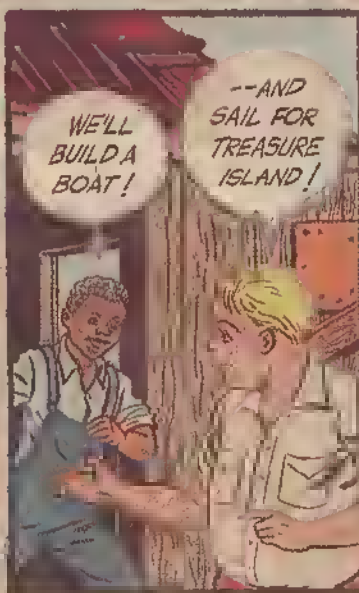
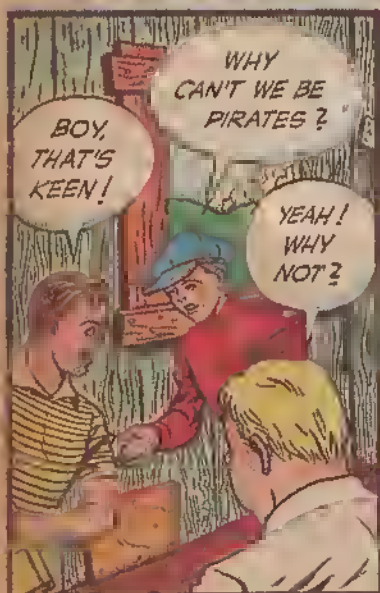
By  
JOE DONOHUE

GOSH!

AH!

OH!

Robert Louis  
Stevenson



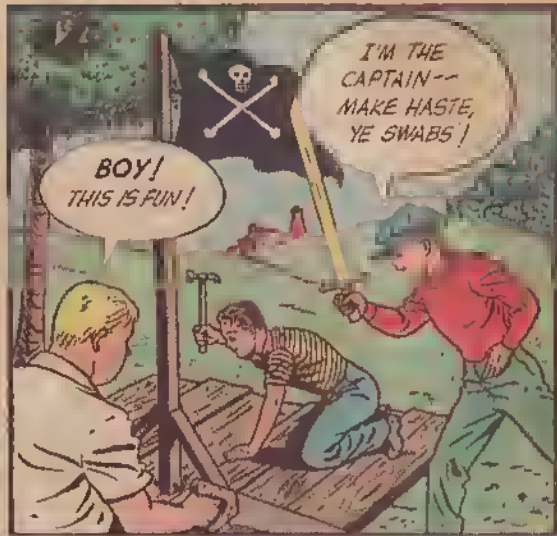
DON'T SACRIFICE YOUR BOOKS AND STUDIES  
LEAVE WORKING TO YOUR OLDER BUDDIES.





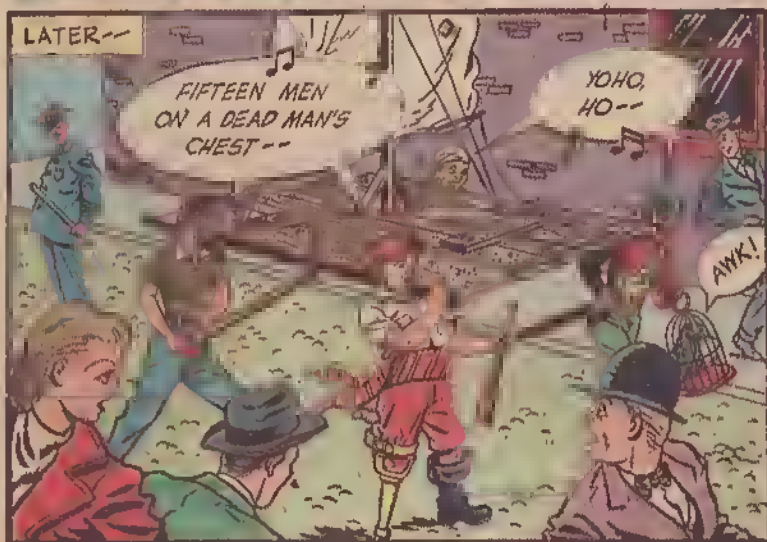
I'M GONNA BE  
BLACK DOG-- WITH  
A PATCH ON  
MY EYE--

--AN' I'LL BE  
JIM HAWKINS!



BOY!  
THIS IS FUN!

I'M THE  
CAPTAIN--  
MAKE HASTE,  
YE SWABS!



LATER--

FIFTEEN MEN  
ON A DEAD MAN'S  
CHEST--

YOHO,  
HO--

AWK!



THEY LAUNCH THEIR FRAIL CRAFT.

EASY  
DOES IT,  
MEN!

ACT SMART,  
ME LADS!



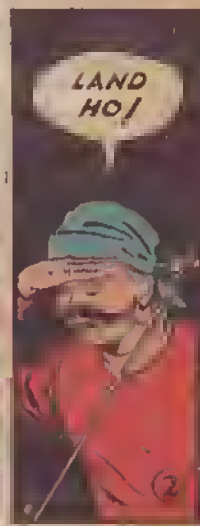
TRIM THE  
MAINSAIL--

AYE, AYE,  
CAPTAIN,  
AH-- OH!

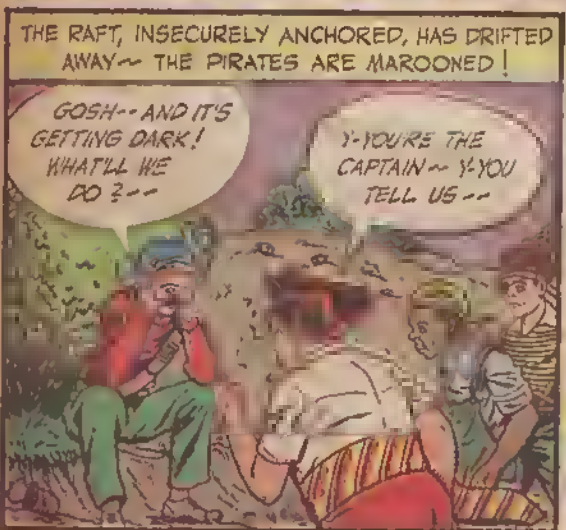


YOU ALMOST  
UPSET US-- YOU  
AND THAT WOODEN  
LEG!

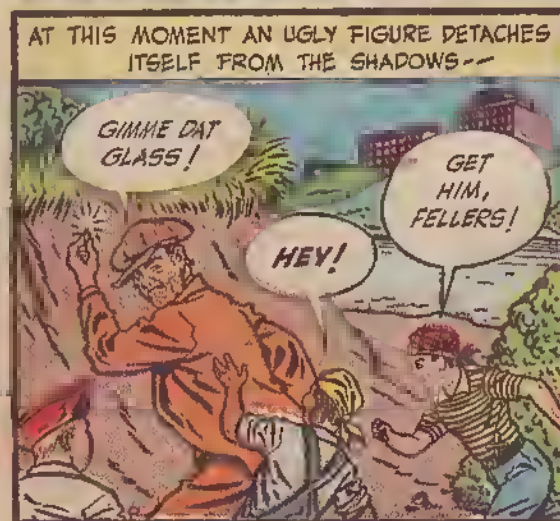
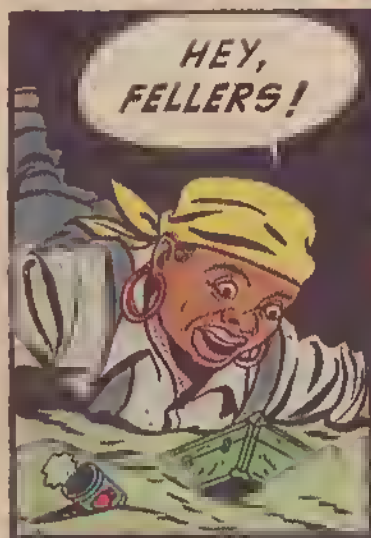
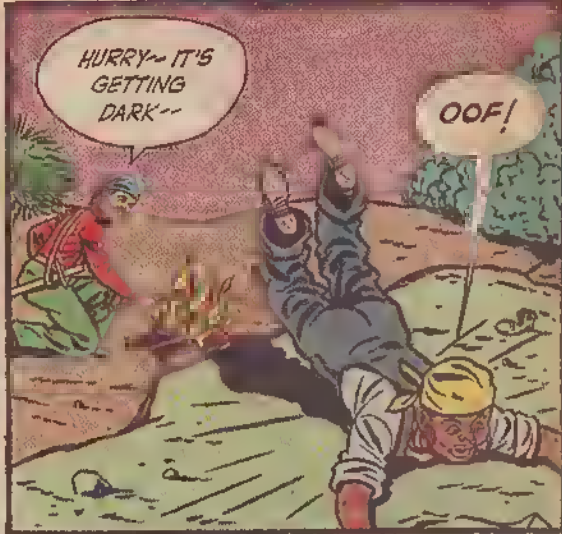
WE SHOULD  
LEAVE HIM  
FOR THE  
SHARKS!



LAND  
HO!







THEY ALL PILE ON--

HOLD  
HIM!

BUT THE BIG MAN THROWS THEM OFF

-- HE GRABS A STICK!

NOW, YOU  
LITTLE--

A STRANGE OBJECT FLIES OUT OF  
THE DARKNESS--

OW!

THE  
WOODEN  
LEG!

THAT  
DID IT,  
PUDDGE!

AS THE MAN FALLS--  
A BRIGHT LIGHT  
HITS THEM--

HURRAY,  
IT'S THE  
POLICE!

WHAT'S  
GOIN' ON  
THERE? WHO  
STARTED  
THAT  
FIRE?

WHAT  
THE--  
REAL  
LIVE  
PIRATES!

AND THEY'VE  
CAUGHT  
TOUGH MIKE  
GROGAN, THE  
'GANGSTER!

AFTER  
WE'VE  
HUNTED  
HIM FOR  
MONTHS  
!

BY THE SAINTS!  
IT'S MRS. VAN FLUFF'S  
LOST DIAMOND!  
WHERE DID YOU  
GET THIS?

RIGHT  
HERE-- IN  
THE  
ASHES!

THIS RING WAS BELIEVED  
TO HAVE BEEN STOLEN-- IT  
MUST HAVE BEEN THROWN INTO  
THE GARBAGE BY MISTAKE!  
THERE'S A BIG REWARD!

HURRAY! WE  
FOUND A REAL  
TREASURE!



# SPARKLING SECRET

By PAM ROBINSON

Ravenous and very tired, Jan Corblenz sat at the heavily-laden table eating his fill. The Germans had lost his trail long before he reached Zwolle. Of that he was certain, but he must nevertheless leave quickly. He felt a great relief now that the rubies were no longer his responsibility. Dame Landshut would see to it that they reached England safely. He turned and looked at her. She sat in front of the opened window, the starched lace curtains framing her kindly old face. Soft white hair swept into a bun on the nape of her neck. Gentle blue eyes gazed serenely at her knitting as she rocked back and forth in the rickety chair. Behind her a faint breeze touched the yellow tulips in the colorful window box urging them softly to and fro. Brilliant sunlight glanced off the brightly colored gravel sending rays of various hues into the quiet morning air.

"It is a lovely day, is it not, Jan?" Dame Landshut questioned softly.

"It is," he answered, "but I must be off quickly. The Germans by now might have found my trail."

"Do they know you by sight?" she asked, a touch of anxiety in her voice.

"No," he replied, "luckily it was very dark. Only the rubies would give us away. Have you hidden them well?"

"Yes," she said quietly. "I have hidden them well."

Jan had given Dame Landshut the handful of fabulous pebbles when he arrived late the night before. It was not

the first time that he had successfully crossed over from Germany with costly jewels that would never again fall into the hands of the Nazis.

"I will not ask you where you have hidden them," he continued, "for then, truly, I will not know."

"How very right you are!" Dame Landshut laughed and Jan laughed with her, but they stopped abruptly.

Someone knocked loudly on the white-paneled door.

Dame Landshut continued rocking, never taking her eyes from her knitting.

"Who is there?" she called in her sweet, low voice.

"Open up," a harsh voice replied. "Quickly!"

She nodded to Jan, who rose to open the door. He stepped back to let the German officer pass.

"Ah, it is you, Oberleutnant," the old lady said. "What have you come for today? Some tea, perhaps?"

"No," the tall German answered sharply, then turned abruptly toward Jan. "Who is this?" he questioned.

"He is my nephew, Jan Corblenz," she replied. "He visits me often. Jan, this is the young Oberleutnant I told you about."

The German nodded curtly and spoke to the two soldiers who stood behind him.

"You will search very thoroughly," he said tartly and then explained to the tiny lady in the old rocking chair.

A spy was lost in this district late last night and we believe he is in hiding. We do not know him but he carried some rubies with him

that will be impossible for him to hide without our competent searchers finding them. This entire district is covered and shall be searched with a fine-tooth comb!"

While he talked the two soldiers ransacked the small house. Rugs were lifted, pictures taken from the walls, even the dirt under the gravel in the tiny window box was sifted and carefully examined.

"They are not here," one of the soldiers said finally. "Of that we are most certain!" One could well believe it, for their search had been thorough and painstaking.

\* \* \*

When the deep roar of the Germans' car was lost in the distance, Jan sank limply into a chair. He had been weak with worry while the soldiers searched. Surely they would find the rubies! But they had not! Where then could Dame Landshut have hidden them?

"I see you are wondering," Dame Landshut said as if reading his mind. "Would you believe me if I said the Germans held the rubies in their hands and did not realize it?"

Jan stared at her.

"Did you not remark last night how like pebbles the uncured rubies were?" she smiled. "And where then are pebbles most apt to be found?"

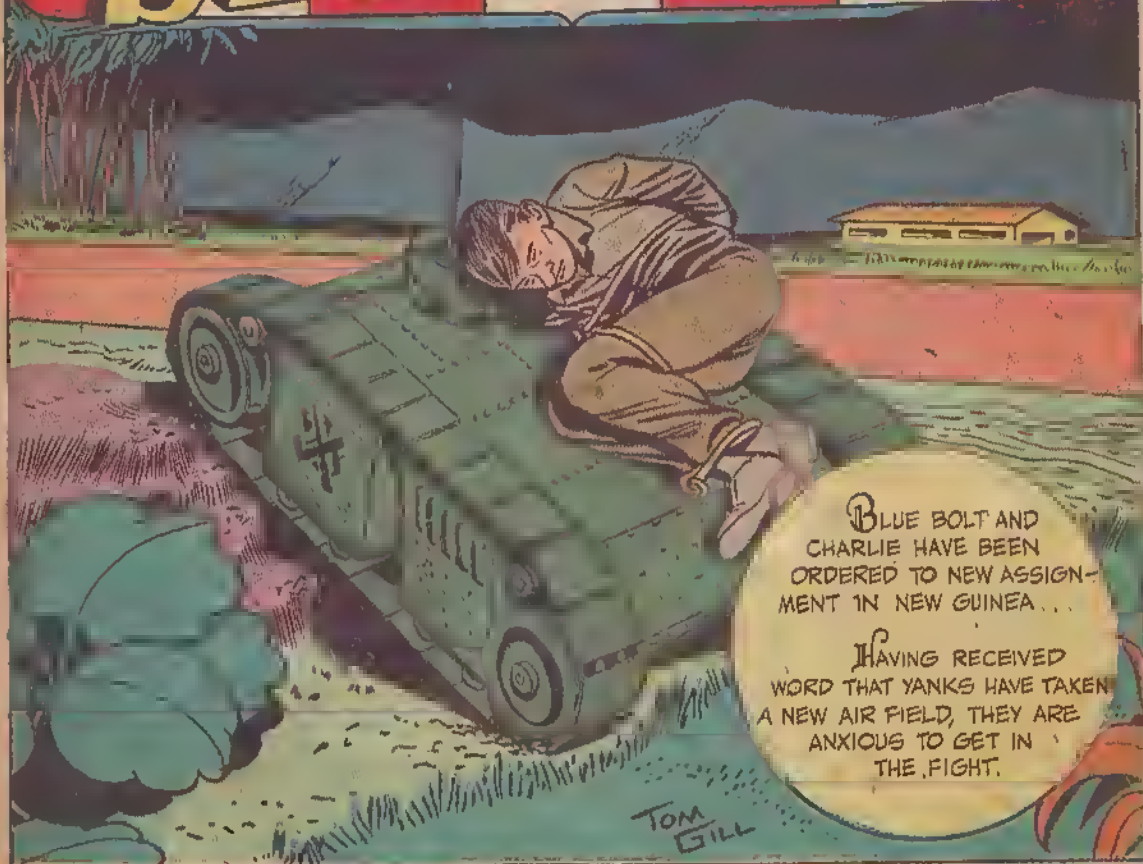
Jan's incredulous gaze fell on the tiny window box with its dancing yellow tulips.

"Of course!" he exclaimed. "You put them with the colored gravel and the stupid Germans held a fortune in their hands and thought them only pebbles!"

THE END

# BLUE BOLT

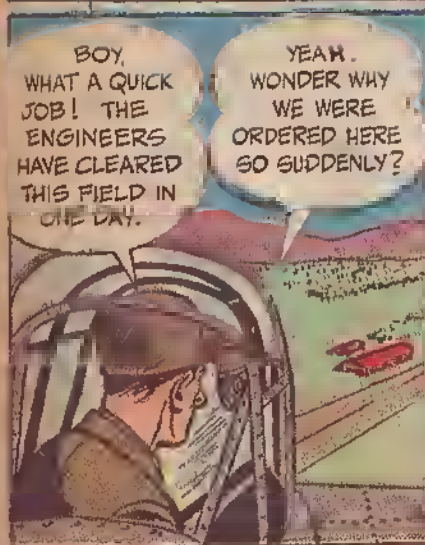
THE AMERICAN



BLUE BOLT AND CHARLIE HAVE BEEN ORDERED TO NEW ASSIGNMENT IN NEW GUINEA...

HAVING RECEIVED WORD THAT YANKS HAVE TAKEN A NEW AIR FIELD, THEY ARE ANXIOUS TO GET IN THE FIGHT.

TOM GILL



SUDDENLY, A FEMININE VOICE COMES OVER THE RADIO--



COLLECT YOUR PAPER, EAT AND TIN  
AND DO YOUR JOB SO WE WILL WIN.



BLUE BOLT LATER LANDS AT THE OTHER  
END OF THE FIELD.

WONDER HOW  
THAT HAPPENED? I'M  
STILL SHAKING.

SOME WELCOME,  
EH, BLUE BOLT?  
LET'S FIND OUT  
ABOUT IT!

IT IS THE  
DAY BEFORE  
THE CLOSE  
CALL ON THE  
CAPTURED  
AIR STRIP.  
MARG  
HESSLIN  
APPEARS AT  
C.O.'S HEAD-  
QUARTERS  
SHACK...

...SO YOU SEE, COLONEL,  
I HURRIED HERE AS SOON AS  
WE GOT THE NEWS. MY  
PAPER IS ANXIOUS  
FOR PICTURES.

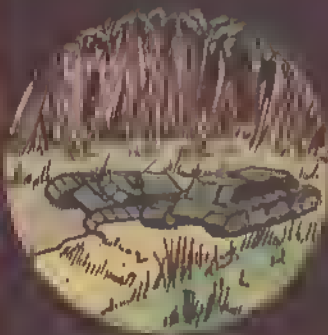
IT'S AN  
ESPECIALLY  
DANGEROUS ASSIGN-  
MENT, MISS  
HESSLIN. BUT I  
ADMIRE YOUR  
NERVE... GO AHEAD  
AND GET YOUR  
PICTURES.

THANKS,  
COLONEL.

THE NEXT DAY, JUST BEFORE  
CHARLIE AND BLUE BOLT  
ARRIVE --

THIS OUGHT TO BE  
A GOOD SHOT... SAY,  
WHAT'S THAT ON THE  
EDGE OF THE FIELD?

THROUGH HER CAMERA SIGHT  
MARG SEES TWO TINY  
TANKS APPROACHING  
THE LANDING STRIP.



HEY, SOLDIER!  
WARN THAT PLANE  
COMING IN NOT TO  
LAND... TANKS  
APPROACHING  
FIELD.

WAIT A  
MINUTE!

PULL UP-- DON'T  
LAND-- DANGER  
BELOW-- GUN 'ER!

I COULD SEE  
THESE TANKS  
HEADED FOR THE  
STRIP. SO I WARNED  
THE PILOT AND IT  
TURNS OUT TO  
BE YOU.

THANKS,  
PAL.

EXCUSE ME, SIR,  
I HAVE AN IDEA--  
BE RIGHT  
BACK--



SO THAT'S  
THEIR LITTLE  
GAME!



SHALL I SEND  
HON. AMERICAN  
TO ANCESTORS?

NO, WE  
TAKE HIM  
BACK.



THEY LASH POOR CHARLIE TO ONE OF THEIR  
FIENDISH MACHINES.

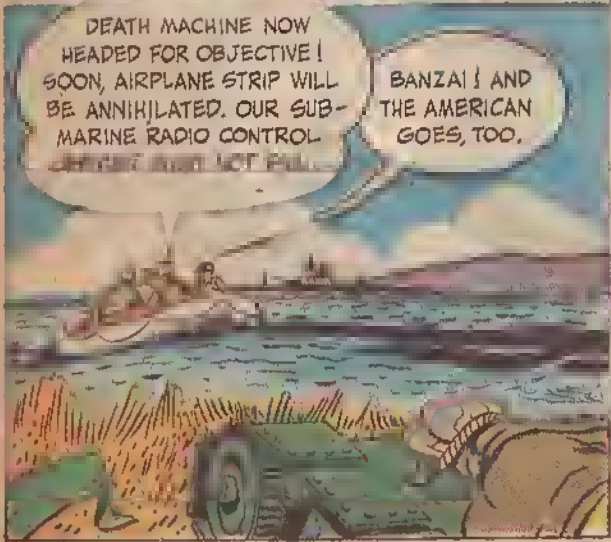
OUR ORDERS ARE TO  
DIRECT DEATH TANKS TO  
AMMUNITION DUMP. ARE  
YOU READY WITH  
CALCULATIONS?

EXPLOSIVES PLACED.  
CONNECTIONS MADE.  
THIS IS ONE HON.  
AMERICAN WHO  
WILL DESTROY  
HIS OWN MEN.

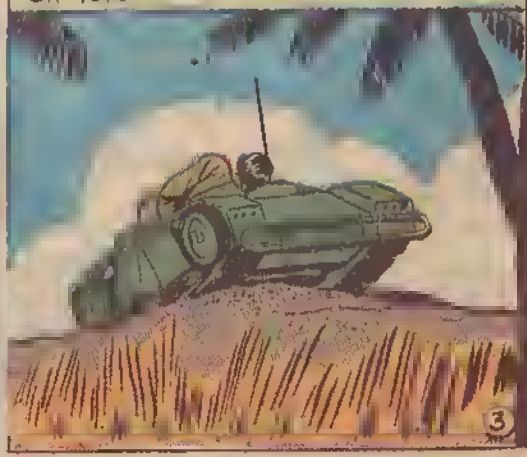


DEATH MACHINE NOW  
HEADED FOR OBJECTIVE!  
SOON, AIRPLANE STRIP  
WILL BE ANNIHILATED. OUR SUB-  
MARINE RADIO CONTROL  
DRIVING AND NOT PULL.

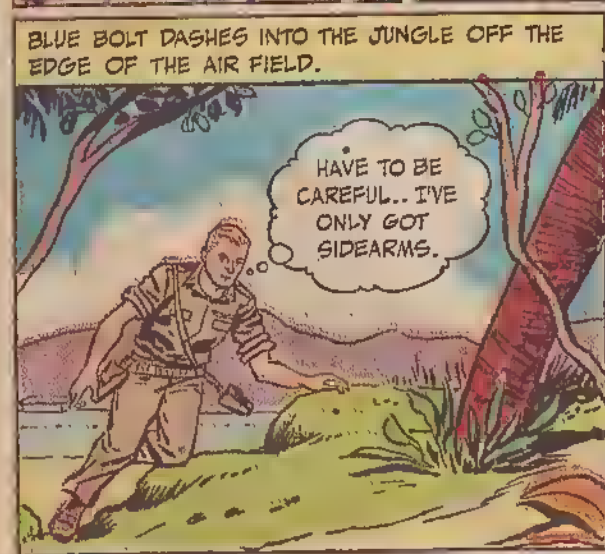
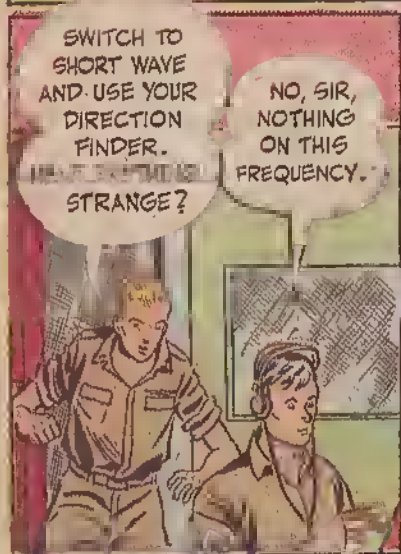
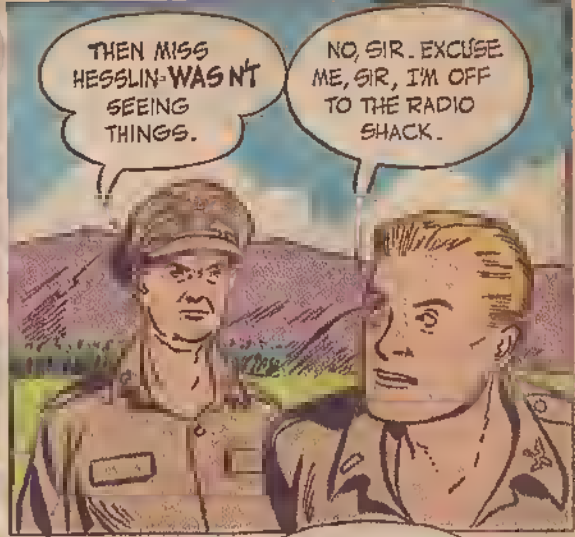
BANZAI! AND  
THE AMERICAN  
GOES, TOO.



SOON THE ROBOT CONTROLS MOVE THE  
MIDGET TANK WITH CHARLIE, UNCONSCIOUS,  
ON TOP.





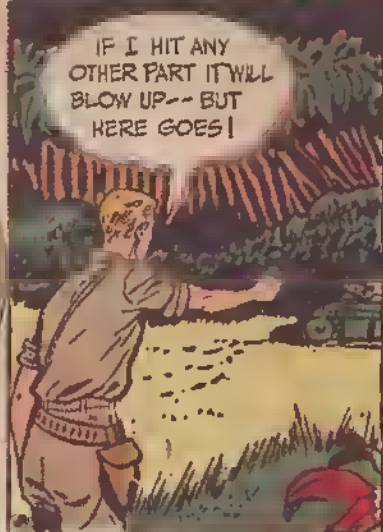




WOW! THAT MIGHT EXPLODE ANY SECOND UNLESS I CAN KNOCK OUT ITS MECHANISM.



BUT POOR CHARLIE'S HEAD IS RIGHT ON THE CONTROLS.



IF I HIT ANY OTHER PART IT WILL BLOW UP-- BUT HERE GOES!

THE SHOT FLIES TRUE TO ITS MARK AND THE TANK STOPS INSTANTLY--



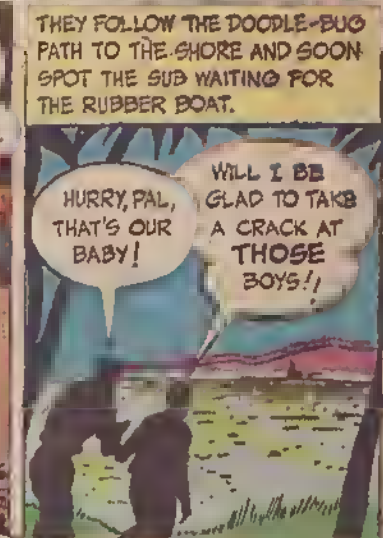
WHERE AM I? WHAT GOES ON HERE?

WON'T YOU BE SURPRISED!



THANKS, PAL. THAT'S ONE I OWE YOU. SAY, WHERE DID YOU LEARN TO SHOOT A PISTOL?

NEVER MIND. LET'S FIND THAT JAP TRANSMITTER.



THEY FOLLOW THE DOODLE-BUG PATH TO THE SHORE AND SOON SPOT THE SUB WAITING FOR THE RUBBER BOAT.

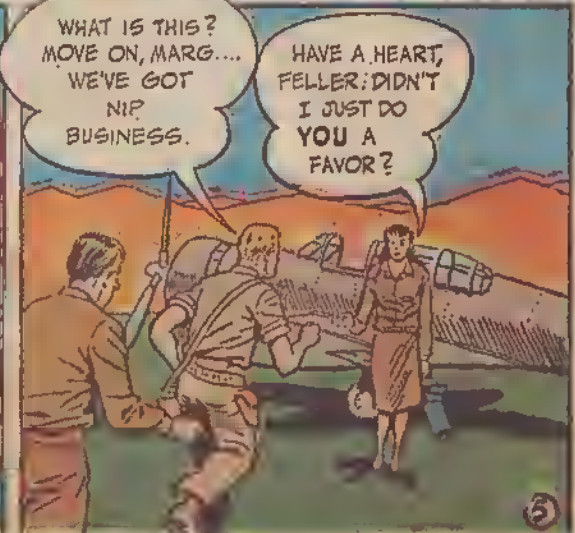
HURRY, PAL, THAT'S OUR BABY!

WILL I BE GLAD TO TAKE A CRACK AT THOSE BOYS!!



HURRY OR WE'LL MISS THE BOAT!

WE CARRY JUST THE BOMBS FOR THAT FISH... COME ON!



WHAT IS THIS? MOVE ON, MARG... WE'VE GOT NIP BUSINESS.

HAVE A HEART, FELLER: DIDN'T I JUST DO YOU A FAVOR?



SORRY, MARGE, I CAN'T  
TAKE YOU-- IT'S STRICTLY  
AGAINST REGULATIONS.  
BUT CHARLIE WILL GET  
THE PICTURES IF YOU  
GIVE HIM THE  
CONTROL.

O.K., FELLOW,  
WHEN YOU GET  
A GOOD SHOT  
IN THE SIGHT,  
JUST PUSH THAT  
LEVER.

AND AS THEY SPEED  
OFF THE FIELD, THE  
JAPS SCRAMBLE ABOARD  
THE SUB.

TWO BIRDS WITH  
ONE STONE, EH,  
CHARLIE?

FRANTICALLY, THE JAPS TRY TO SUBMERGE--

NEXT STOP  
TOKYO,  
YOU NIPS.

LATER, AT THE BASE--

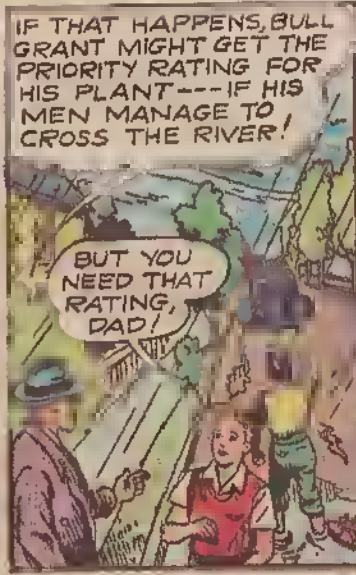
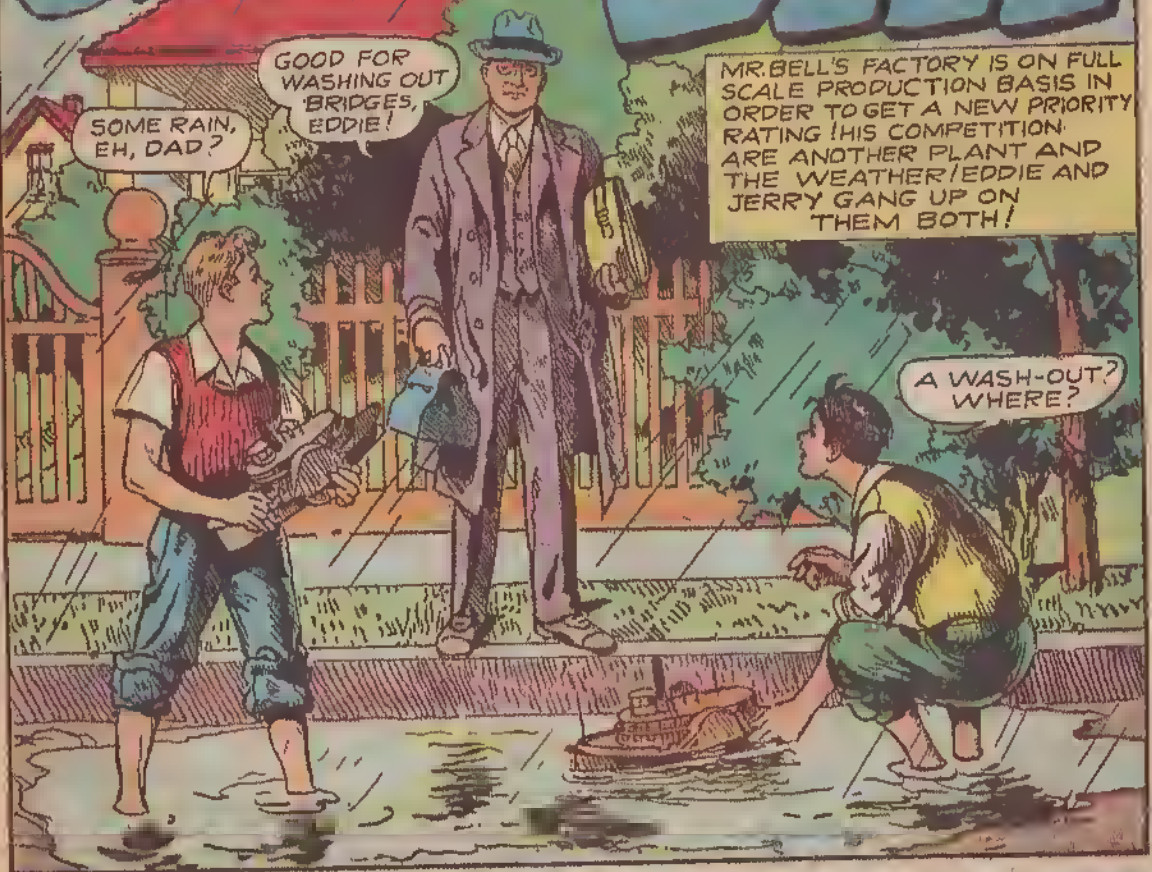
WHAT A  
PICTURE I  
GOT!

WHAT  
AN AIM I  
GOT!

WHAT A  
RIDE I  
GOT!

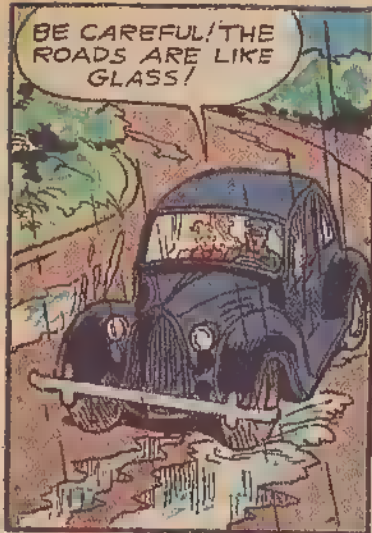
DO YOUR JOB WELL HERE AT HOME  
OUR FIGHTING MEN CAN HOLD THEIR OWN.

# Edison BELL

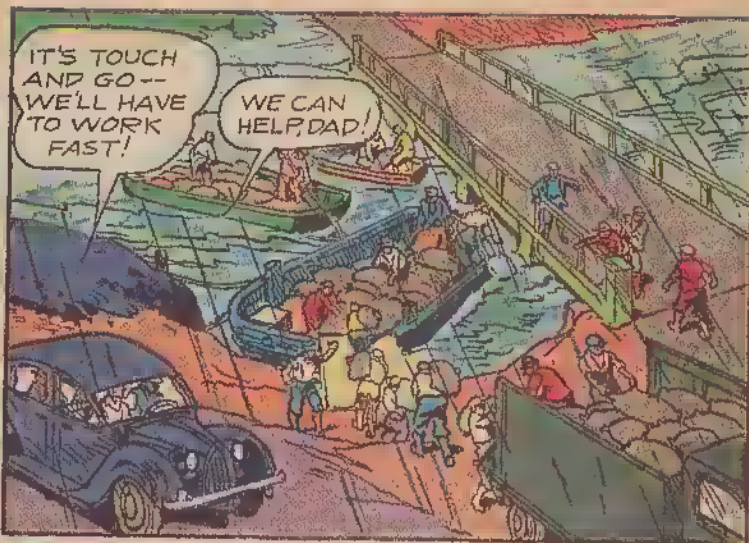


THOUGH WORKING IS A NEVER ENDING GAME  
HARD STUDY OFTEN PAVES THE ROAD TO FAME.



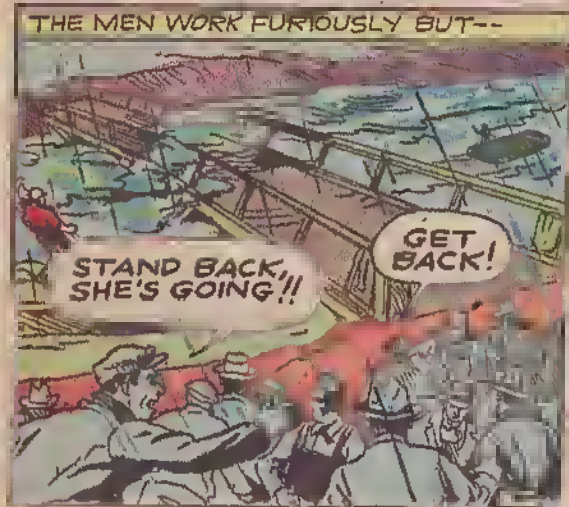


BE CAREFUL! THE  
ROADS ARE LIKE  
GLASS!



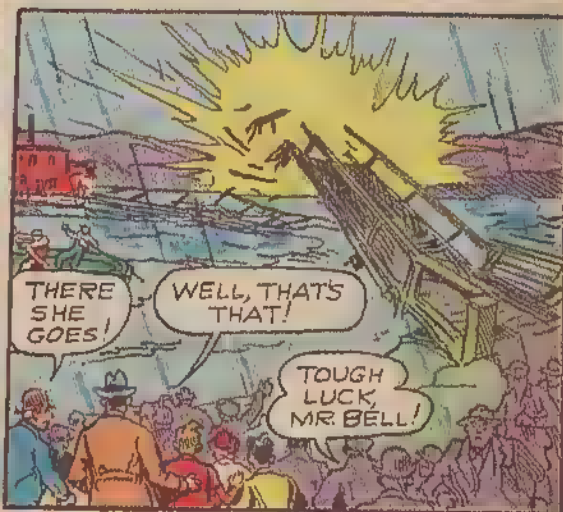
IT'S TOUGH  
AND GO--  
WE'LL HAVE  
TO WORK  
FAST!

WE CAN  
HELP DAD!



STAND BACK,  
SHE'S GOING!!

GET  
BACK!



THERE  
SHE  
GOES!

WELL, THAT'S  
THAT!

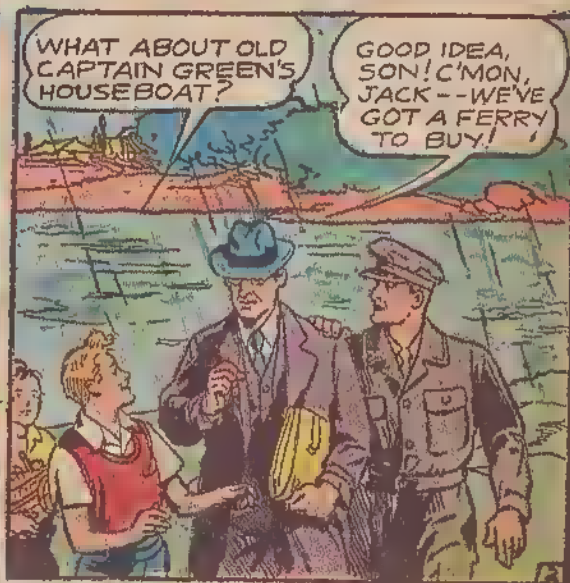
TOUGH  
LUCK,  
MR BELL!



ISN'T THERE  
SOME WAY  
OF GETTING  
ACROSS?

CAN'T REBUILD THE  
BRIDGE FAST ENOUGH,  
AND IT WILL TAKE A  
WEEK TO GET HOLD  
OF A FERRY!

A FERRY?  
SAY!



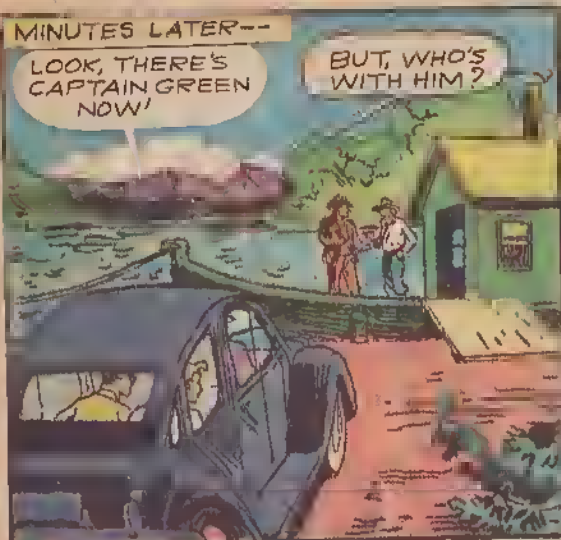
WHAT ABOUT OLD  
CAPTAIN GREEN'S  
HOUSEBOAT?

GOOD IDEA,  
SON! C'MON,  
JACK--WE'VE  
GOT A FERRY  
TO BUY!

MINUTES LATER--

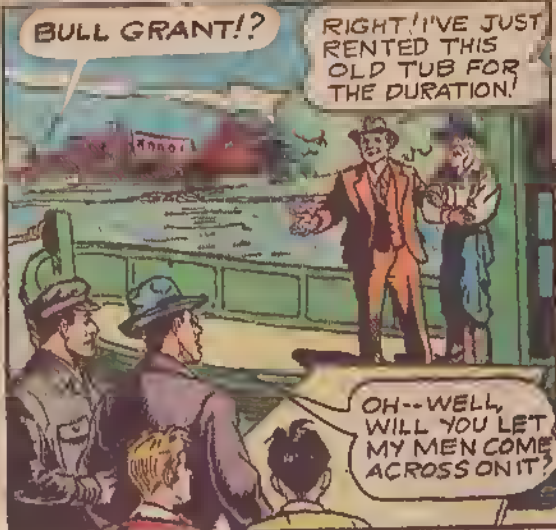
LOOK, THERE'S  
CAPTAIN GREEN  
NOW!

BUT, WHO'S  
WITH HIM?



BULL GRANT!?

RIGHT! I'VE JUST  
RENTED THIS  
OLD TUB FOR  
THE DURATION!



OH--WELL,  
WILL YOU LET  
MY MEN COME  
ACROSS ON IT?

OF COURSE--AT  
FIVE DOLLARS  
PER MAN PER  
TRIP!

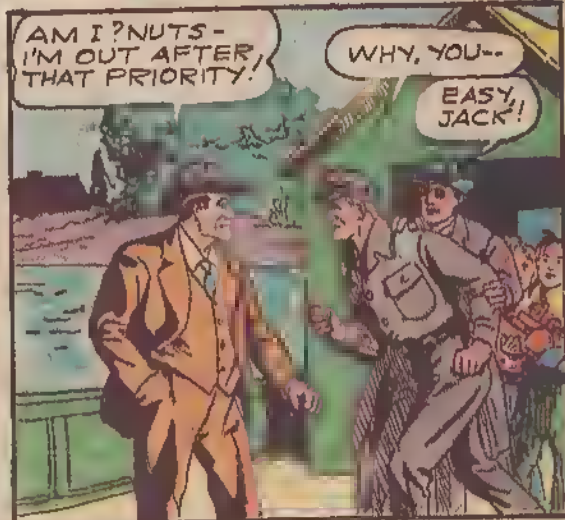
FIVE DOLLARS--  
YOU'RE JOKING!



AM I? NUTS--  
I'M OUT AFTER  
THAT PRIORITY!

WHY, YOU--

EASY,  
JACK!



MR. BELL CALLS A MEETING  
OF HIS EMPLOYEES!

--AND I'LL SHOULDER THE  
FERRYING COST!

THAT'S NOT  
FAIR!

YOU'LL GO  
BROKE!



MEANWHILE--

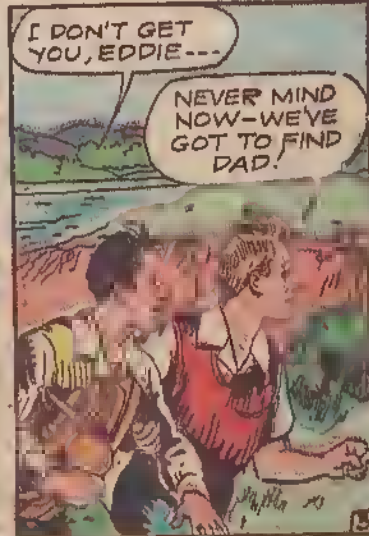
TOO BAD THIS MODEL  
ISN'T BIGGER, EH,  
EDDIE? WE COULD  
HELP YOUR DAD!

SAY--  
YOU'VE GOT IT!



I DON'T GET  
YOU, EDDIE---

NEVER MIND  
NOW--WE'VE  
GOT TO FIND  
DAD!





LATER--

WHAT DO YOU THINK, DAD?

IT MIGHT WORK, EDDIE--  
WAIT--

MR. BELL EXPLAINS TO  
THE MEN--

SO, YOU'LL ALL TAKE  
ONE TRIP ACROSS ON  
GRANT'S BOAT!

LET'S  
GO!

THE NEXT MORNING --

AH-HA! IT ISN'T  
OFTEN A MAN CAN  
MAKE HIS COMPETITOR  
COVER HIS EXPENSES!

AW, DRY UP!

THE TRIP IS UNEVENTFUL --

I'LL BE WAITING  
FOR YOU THIS  
EVENING, BOYS!

WE MIGHT  
BE LATE!

SSH!

JACK, SELECT SIX MEN  
AND GO WITH THE BOYS!

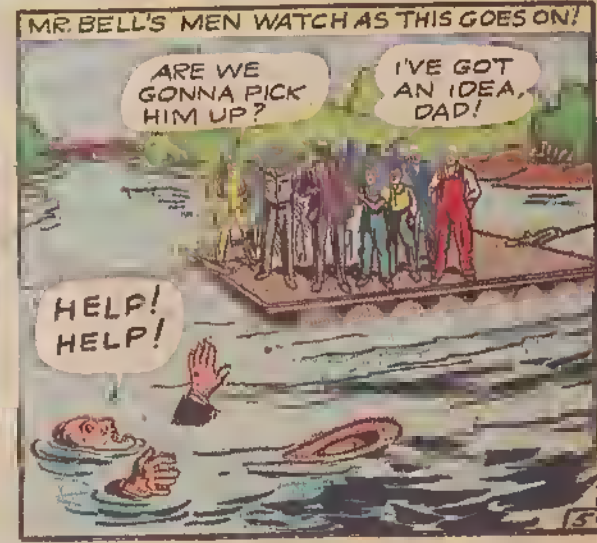
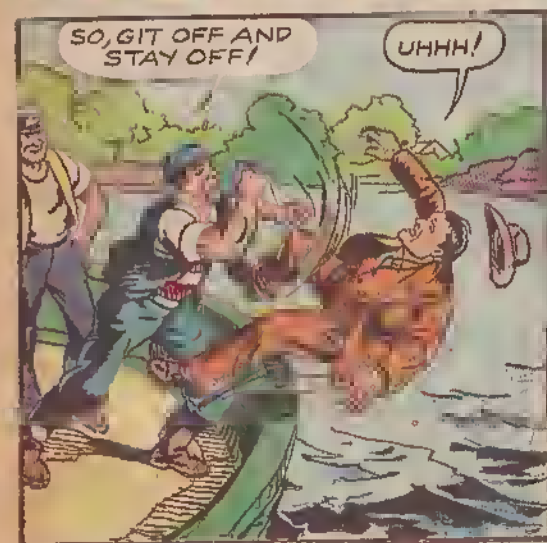
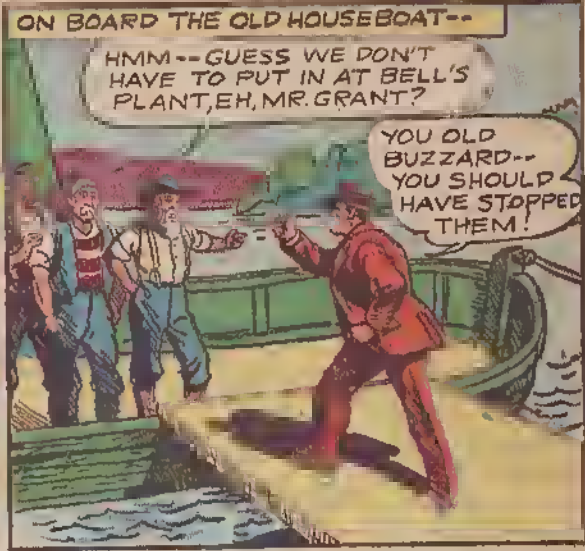
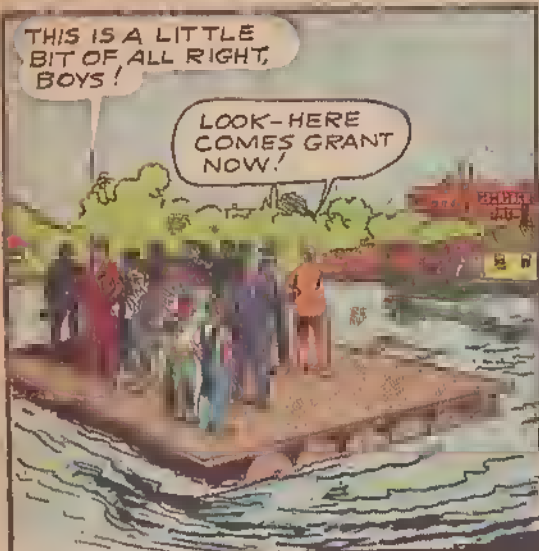
RIGHT!

BY QUITTING TIME THAT EVENING,  
EDDIE AND JERRY HAVE THEIR PLAN  
WORKING SMOOTHLY!

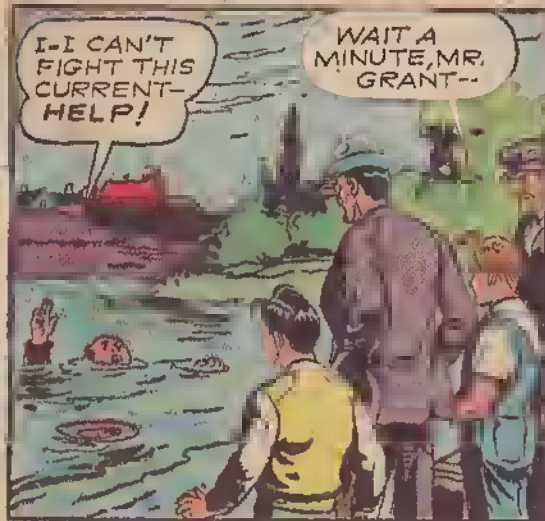
HEY, LOOK  
AT THIS!

HEY, I WAS  
LOOKING FOR  
THOSE OLD  
OIL DRUMS  
TODAY!

DON'T BE AFRAID!  
WE HAULED SOME  
HEAVY MACHINERY  
ACROSS BEFORE!







I-I CAN'T FIGHT THIS CURRENT-HELP!

WAIT A MINUTE, MR. GRANT--



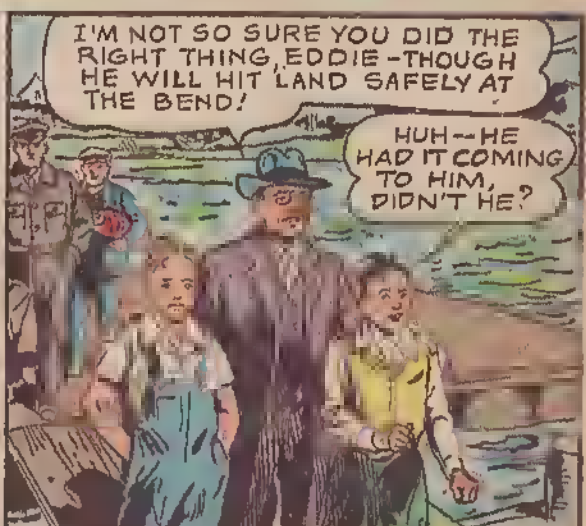
YOU CAN COME ABOARD FOR FIVE DOLLARS--ON THE LINE!

BUT-(SPLUT-) I HAVEN'T ANY MONEY ON ME! PLEASE!



TOO BAD! WELL, HERE'S A LIFE PRESERVER! WITH LUCK YOU'LL LAND AT THE BEND!

I'LL GET YOU FOR THIS!



I'M NOT SO SURE YOU DID THE RIGHT THING, EDDIE--THOUGH HE WILL HIT LAND SAFELY AT THE BEND!

HUH--HE HAD IT COMING TO HIM, DIDN'T HE?



NEVER MIND, WE'LL MAKE IT UP BY PERMITTING GRANT'S MEN TO USE OUR FERRY!

HOW MUCH A PERSON?



FOR FREE, JACK! REMEMBER GRANT'S PLANT IS HELPING OUR COUNTRY TO WIN THIS WAR, TOO!

YOU'RE RIGHT, MR. BELL! WE CAN'T TAKE A GRUDGE OUT AGAINST VICTORY, CAN WE?

LET'S HOPE THAT VICTORY ISN'T TOO FAR AWAY! MEANWHILE, HELP IT ALONG--BUY WAR STAMPS AND BONDS! WATCH FOR THE NEXT ISSUE OF 4 MOST COMICS!

**HERE  
THEY ARE!  
★ ★  
EDISON BELL'S  
SIMPLIFIED  
PLANS FOR...**

# 'MISSISSIPPI'

~ A RUBBER BAND POWERED  
TOY MODEL OF A SIDE WHEELER  
**RIVER BOAT**

By *Ray Hill*

CIGAR BOX TOP  
OPENED TO SHOW  
INTERIOR. BOX  
MAY BE OPENED  
LIKE THIS TO  
MAKE REPAIRS.

WOODEN DOWELS  
ARE SMOKE STACKS

FASTEN THE  
CIGAR BOX TO  
THE HULL  
WITH A FEW  
SMALL NAILS.

WHEEL HOUSE  
IS A BLOCK OF  
WOOD WITH A  
THIN CIGAR  
BOX WOOD  
ROOF.  
WINDOWS ARE  
PAINTED ON.

SMALL  
NAILS

STRONG  
CORD

OPENING  
SCREW  
EYE

SIMPLE RUDDER  
CUT FROM TOP  
OF TIN CANS  
AND WEDGED  
IN SLIT.

OPENING

HOLE

HOLE

PADDLE  
WHEEL  
SHAFT

NAILS

PADDLE  
WHEEL  
DETAIL

REAR  
SCREW  
EYE

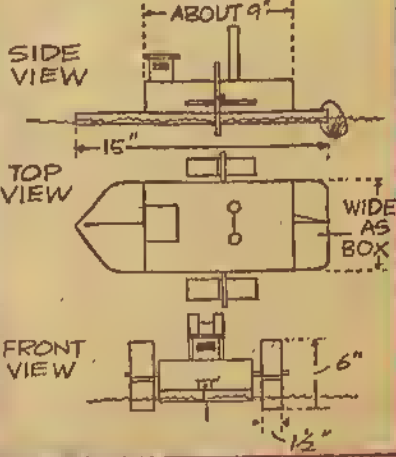
HULL IS  
SAWED  
OUT OF  
 $\frac{3}{4}$ " WOOD.

ONE STOUT RUBBER BAND OR A  
FEW THIN ONES, SUPPLY POWER.

## HOW IT WORKS...

**T**IE A LENGTH OF STOUT CORD TO THE RUBBER BAND, SLIP IT THROUGH THE REAR SCREW EYE AND FASTEN IT TO THE PADDLE WHEEL SHAFT. SHAFT IS A LENGTH OF  $\frac{1}{4}$ " X  $\frac{1}{4}$ " WOOD "ROUND" SHAFT WHERE IT PASSES THROUGH CIGAR BOX HOLES. WAX THIS SECTION WELL. WIND THE PADDLE WHEELS CLOCK-WISE, TILL THE RUBBER BAND IS TAUT. SET THE BOAT IN THE WATER, ADJUST THE RUDDER... AND LET HER GO! DECORATE THE CRAFT AS YOU SEE FIT.

### ☆ PROFILES ☆





# THE AVALANCHE

By DAVID T. MARKE

**B**JORN did not move from his chair for a long time after his underground visitor had gone. Ingrid, his gay, enchanting daughter, was dead in Germany! The Nazis had taken her as hostage to make sure that he, Bjorn, would work honestly for them. They had promised to return her safely if he did his job well—they had promised on the sacred word of a Nazi.

Now his Ingrid was dead! Bjorn's eyes hardened as he thought of Kommandant Mann. It was he who had taken Ingrid hostage. It was he who had thought up the idea of getting the Nazis used to mountain climbing, to prepare them to scale the cliffs at Dover. Bjorn had been picked because he was the best mountaineer in Norway.

For a month now he had done the task. It had been hard at first, but then, he had thought to himself, these Nazis forget that perhaps the Allies would have something to say about who should climb the cliffs.

So wrapped up was he in his thoughts that he failed to hear the door open. He jumped as his name was repeated. The Kommandant stood there. His beady eyes bored into Bjorn's stolid countenance. "I've come to tell you that a new group will go up the Range with us tomorrow." He started toward the door, then turned and shot Bjorn a quick glance. "You are doing well. The job will soon be finished and your daughter returned to you."

No sign of emotion showed on Bjorn's face as he met

Mann's eyes squarely. "I know I can trust Herr Mann, as I can all Nazis."

Bjorn almost choked in muffling the cry of rage that tore at his vitals as the door closed. Springing to his feet he feverishly began to collect his few belongings, muttering to himself, "I must get away! I must get a . . ." He paused suddenly as his hand closed on a huge rubber ball. He looked at it. Ingrid had gone wild with joy when he had blown it up for her, shiny and white.

For almost an hour he sat there, turning the flattened object over and over in his hands. And then he smiled. He knew now what to do!

Early the next morning Bjorn stole up the Range with the rubber ball. He was back in the village before he could be missed. And he was vastly pleased when Mann jumped at his suggestion to train the men at night. "We were about to do so, Bjorn. How else could we scale the Cliffs, if not by night? We will begin this evening."

Bjorn smiled as he went out. Mann had praised his cooperation. Well, he'd get it tonight!

That night, Bjorn was waiting for the Kommandant at the foot of the Range. Behind him stretched a long line of Nazis, tied one to the other, awaiting their baptism of mountain climbing.

Mann came up behind Bjorn, tied the rope around himself and ordered, "Let's go!"

For an hour Bjorn led the long line steadily upward,

ever higher into the Range. The path grew narrow, slippery, rough.

"Why do you take this route?" Mann asked.

"Didn't you hear the falling boulders?" countered Bjorn. "I seek to avoid them."

Halfway up the side of a deep crevasse Bjorn stopped and leaned forward as if listening. "Why do you stop now?" nervously demanded Mann. Suddenly they all heard the deep rumble of falling rock, saw the tumbling ball of snow.

Panic-stricken, slipping and falling, the Nazis leaned heavily back on the life-line. As the whole line wavered, Bjorn turned on Mann, a knife in his hand.

"Wait, what are you doing?" Mann cried. His eyes widened in fear and he reached for his Luger — too late — for Bjorn had cut the line. The Nazis began to plunge down, deep into the crevasse.

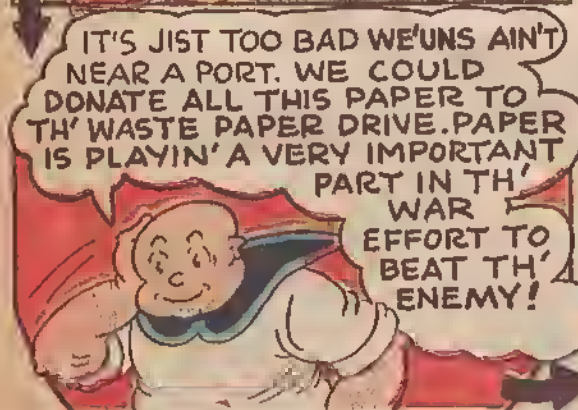
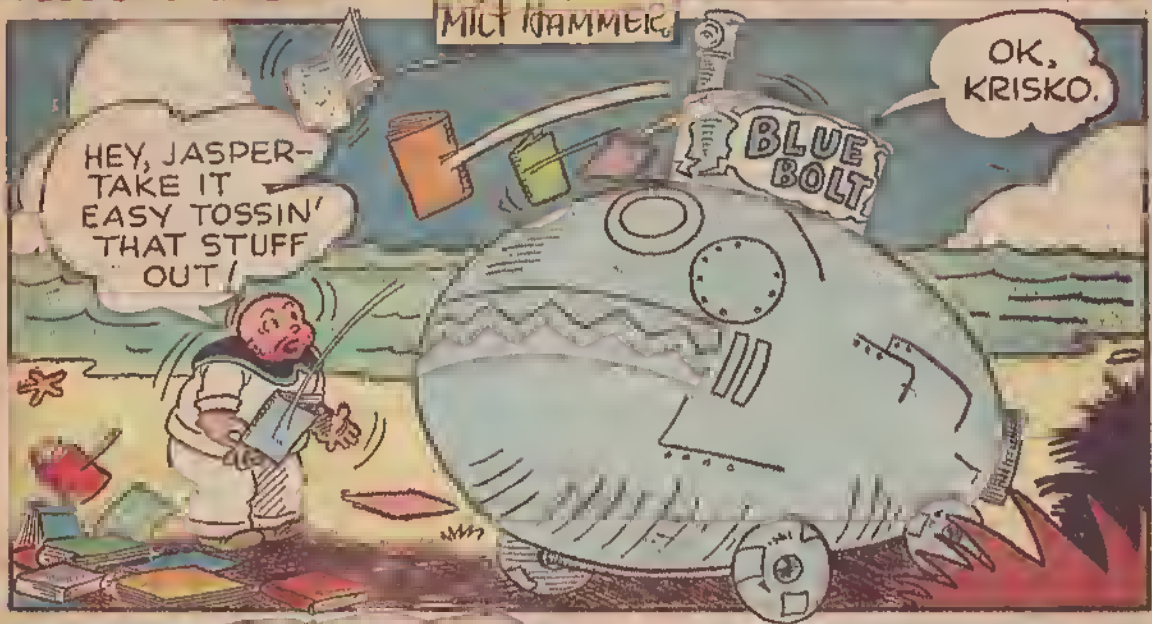
Bjorn laughed gleefully as he listened to the dying screams of the hated Nazis. By morning he would be in Sweden. He wished though that he could have saved Ingrid's ball. He had inflated it that morning and had tied some rocks to it. When he had paused on the path, he had sent the small stones and the ball resembling a large snowball bouncing down toward them. The Nazis' inexperience had done the rest.

Bjorn's lips moved now as he climbed steadily upward. "You have been avenged, Ingrid."

THE END

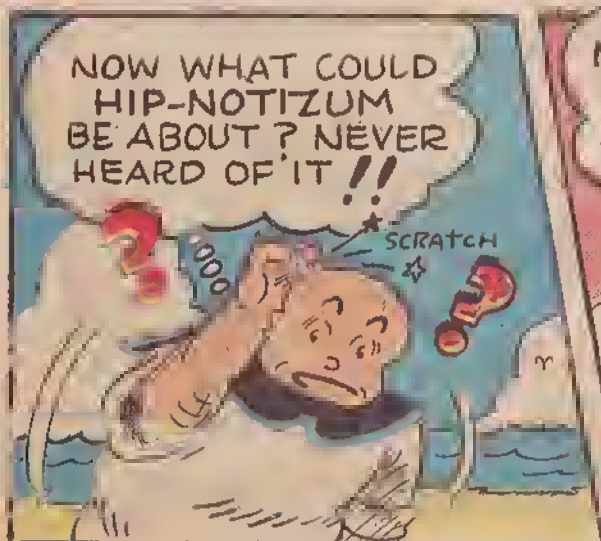
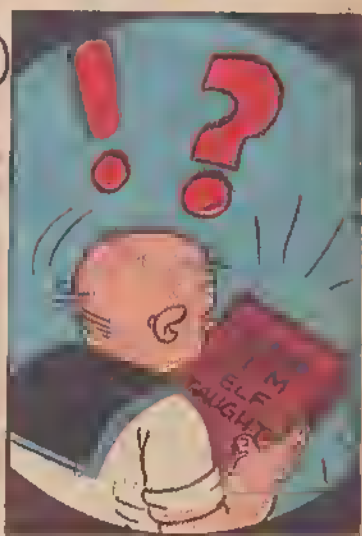
# KRISKO and JASPER

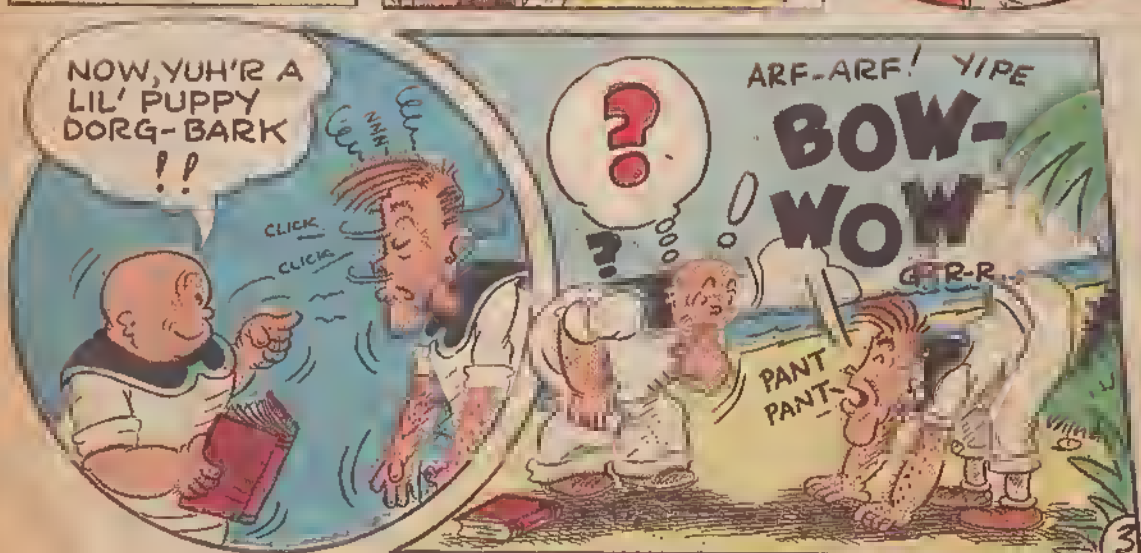
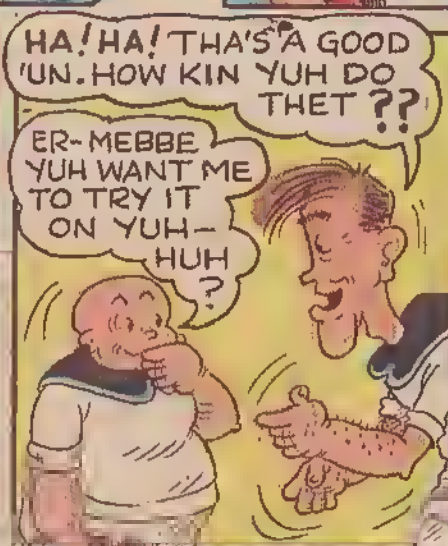
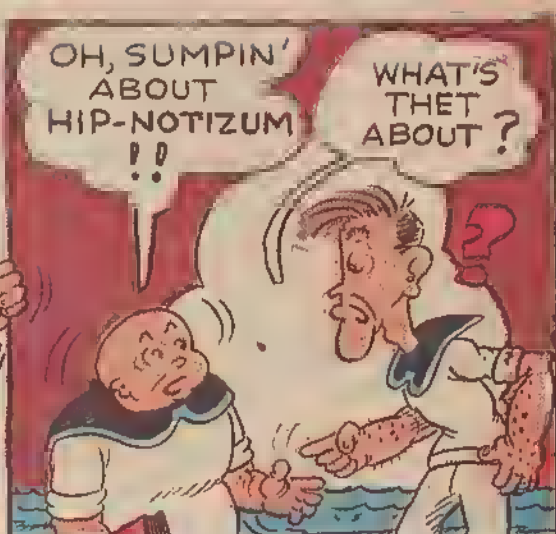
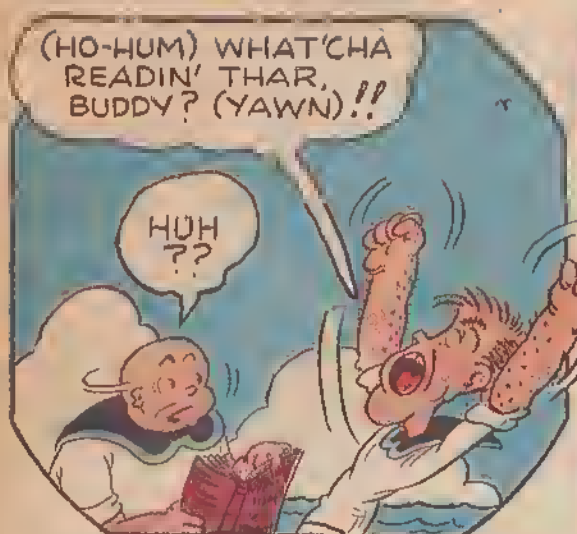
by MILT HAMMER



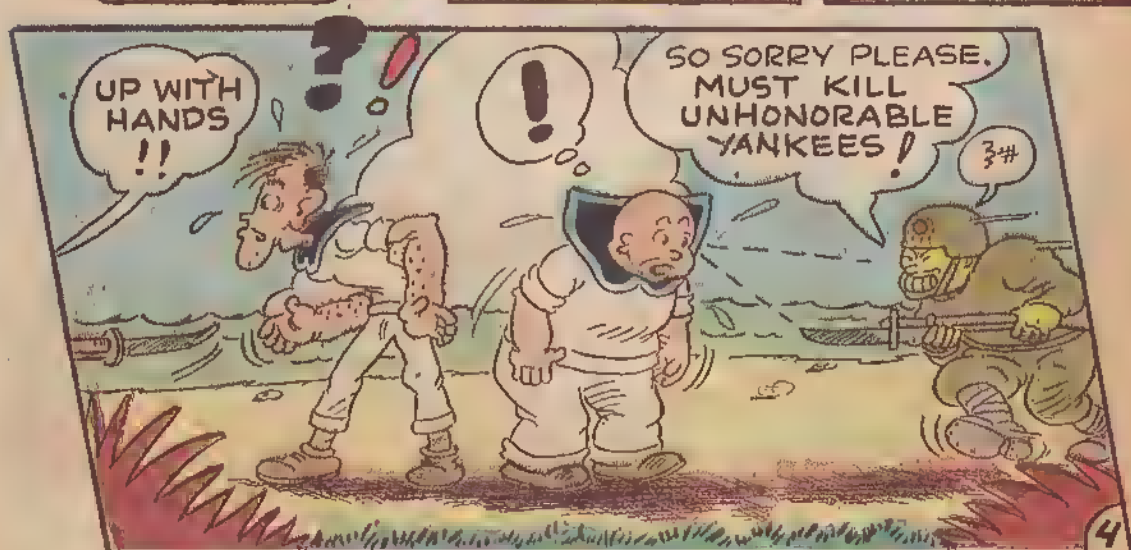
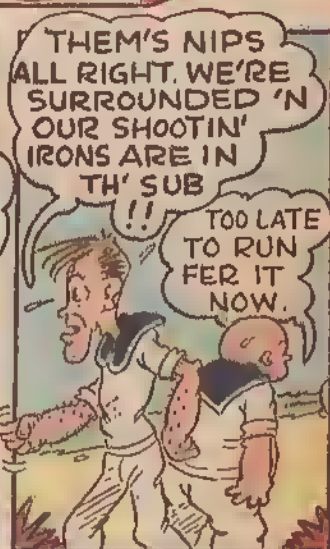
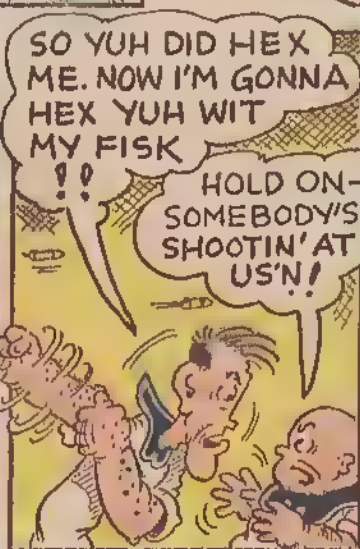
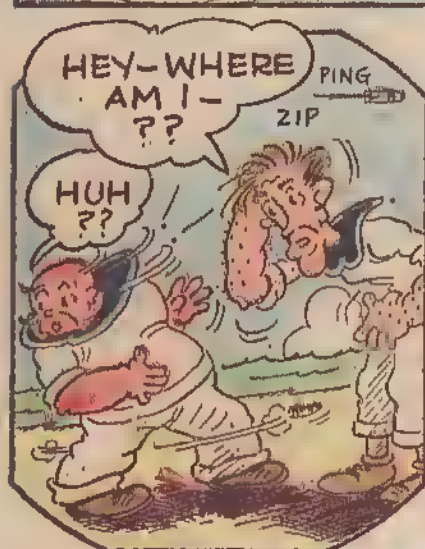
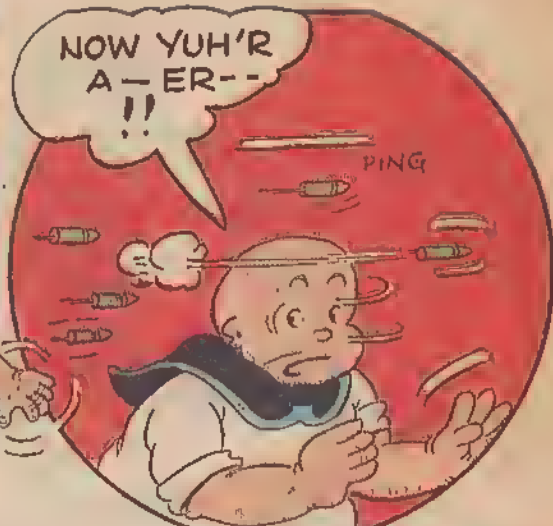
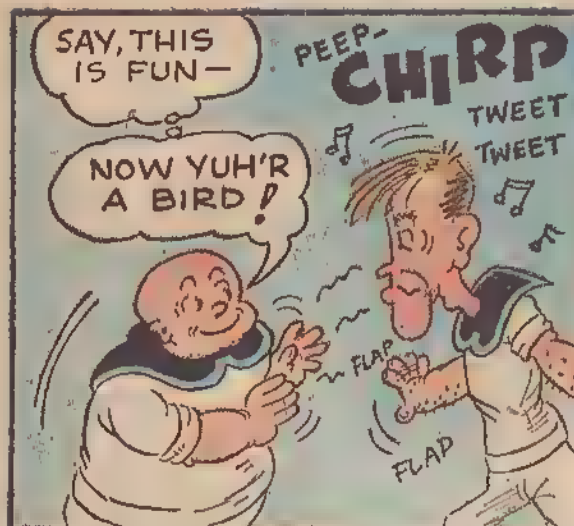
KNOWLEDGE IS THE GREATEST TREASURE  
TAKE IT NOW IN ITS FULL MEASURE.

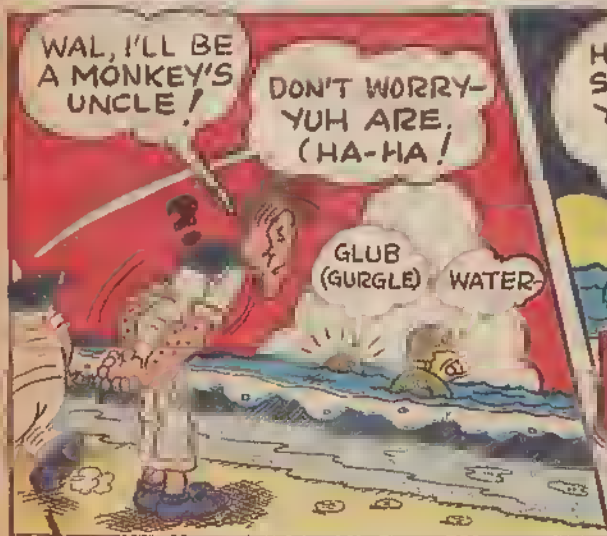
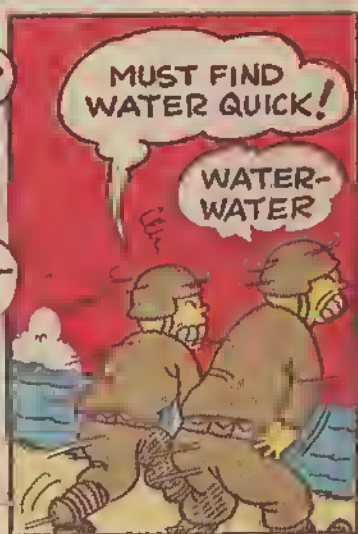
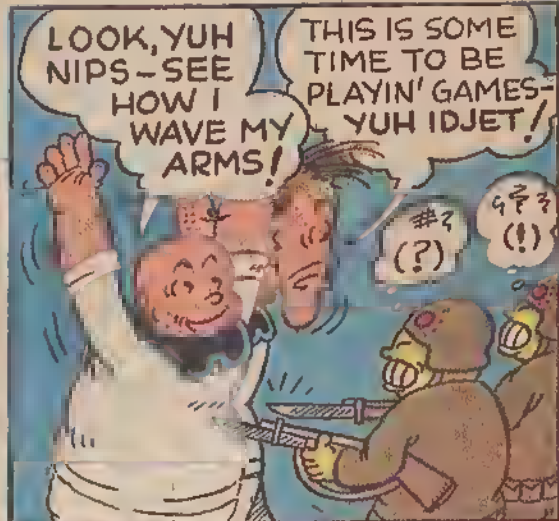
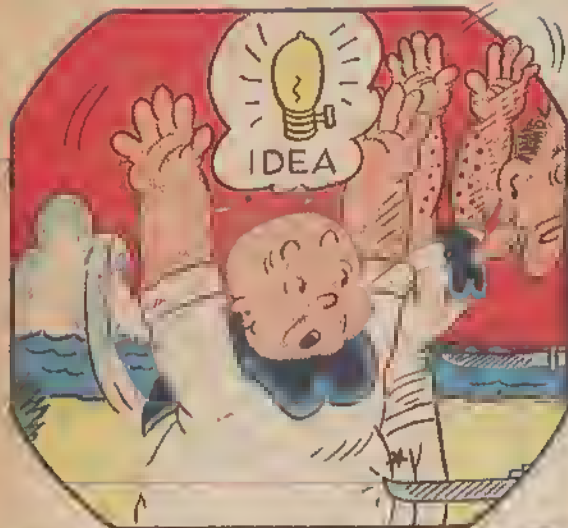




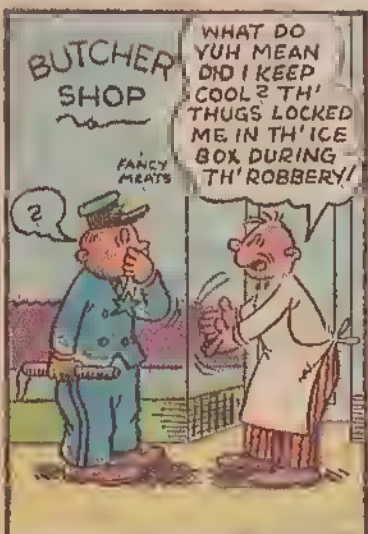
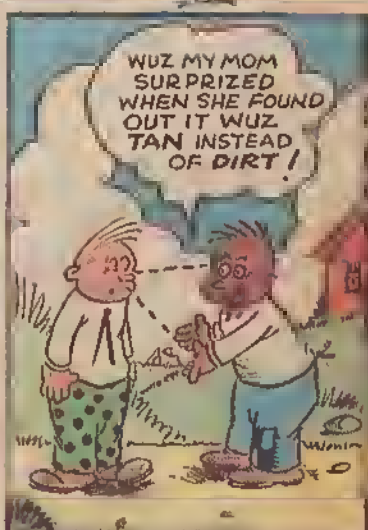
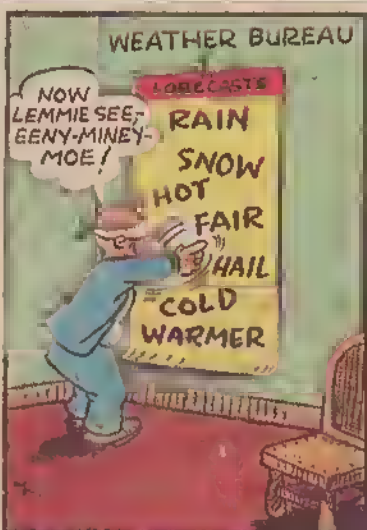
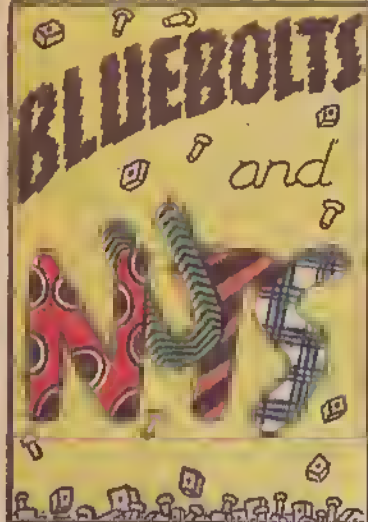








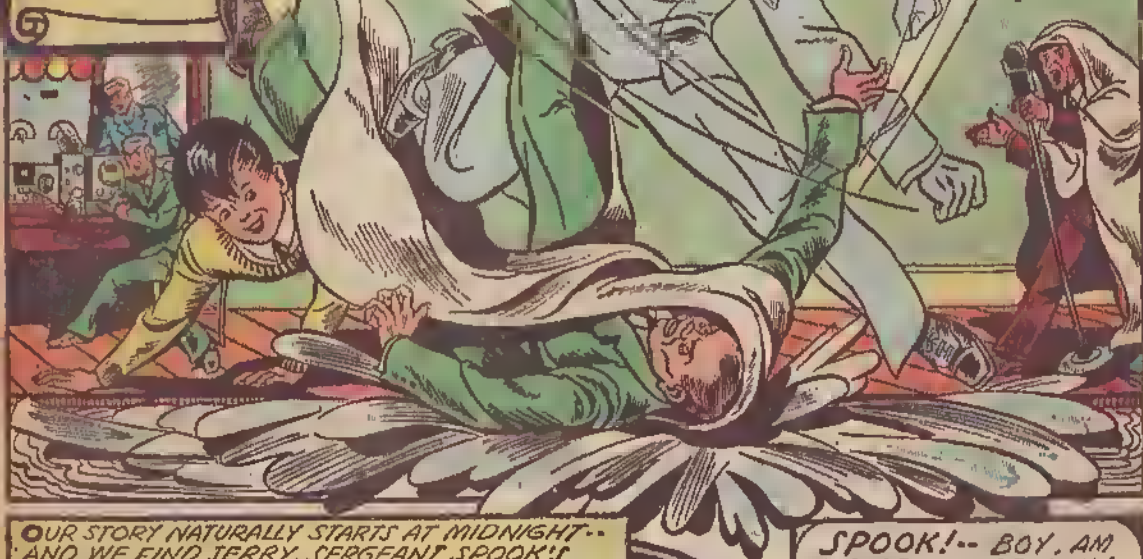




SLAP THE JAP BY SAVING SCRAP!

# Sergeant SPOOK

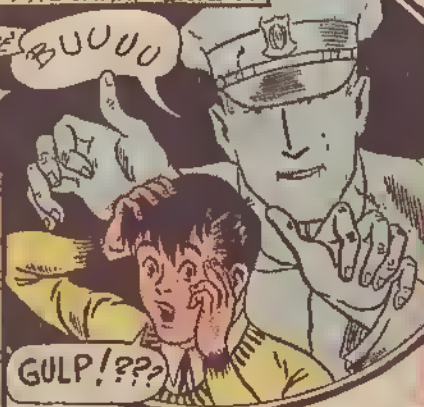
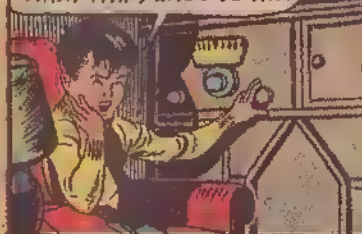
GOOD GHOSTS, BAD GHOSTS, SAD GHOSTS, AND GLAD GHOSTS ALL LEARN THEY HAVEN'T THE GHOST OF A CHANCE WHEN SERGEANT SPOOK, THE SUPER GHOST, GOES T' TOWN IN THE GHOST GOES WILD!



OUR STORY NATURALLY STARTS AT MIDNIGHT.. AND WE FIND JERRY, SERGEANT SPOOK'S PSYCHIC SIDE KICK -- PATIENTLY WAITING FOR HIS FAVORITE RADIO PROGRAM.. LISTEN..

AND THE SPONSORS OF "THE GHOST" ARE SORRY TO ANNOUNCE THAT HE WILL NOT BE HEARD UNTIL FURTHER NOTICE! AS A SUBSTITUTE WE PRES... CLICK!

NUTS! NOW I WONDER WHAT HAPPENED TO HIM.



SPOOK!-- BOY, AM I GLAD TO SEE YOU! SIT DOWN, WE'VE GOT A REAL MYSTERY TO SOLVE THIS TIME.

AGAIN? -- WHAT'S UP NOW?



LET'S HAVE BONDS AND STAMPS GALORE AND STAMP THE ENEMY SOME MORE.



# JERRY EXPLAINS . . .

LOOK HERE ...  
COMPETITION  
FOR YOU!

HIM! MUST BE PRETTY  
GOOD TO BE IN TWO  
PLACES AT ONE TIME!

**EVENING NEWS**  
**LOCAL RADIO GHOST**  
**SUSPECTED OF ROBBERY**  
**CRIMES COMMITTED AT**  
**SAME TIME AS**  
**BROADCAST!**

THAT'S JUST IT.... THIS CROOK  
SCRATCHES THE WORDS "THE  
GHOST" AFTER EVERY CRIME!  
THE ALIBI IS TOO GOOD --  
BET THE POLICE PICKED  
THE RADIO GHOST UP!

THAT WOULD BE EASY TO  
FIND OUT. C'MON! ---  
LISTEN, HERE'S WHAT  
YOU DO ---

EVENING, SERGEANT-- MAY  
I SEE "THE GHOST"? - I'M  
A FAN OF HIS.

WHAT?  
...HOW'D YOU KNOW  
...AH-- BEAT IT!  
THERE'S NO ONE BY  
THAT NAME HERE!

THANKS, SERGEANT, THAT'S  
ALL I WANT TO KNOW!

NICE WORK,  
KIDDO!

GET OUT  
OF HERE!

THIS JUST CAME IN, SIR!

HOLY SMOKES!

WAIT A MINUTE  
SPOOK-- THIS  
MIGHT BE IT!

THIS CASE IS DRIVIN' ME NUTS!  
WE'VE GOT THE GHOST LOCKED  
UP INSIDE -- AND NOW HE'S  
JUST PULLED ANOTHER JOB!

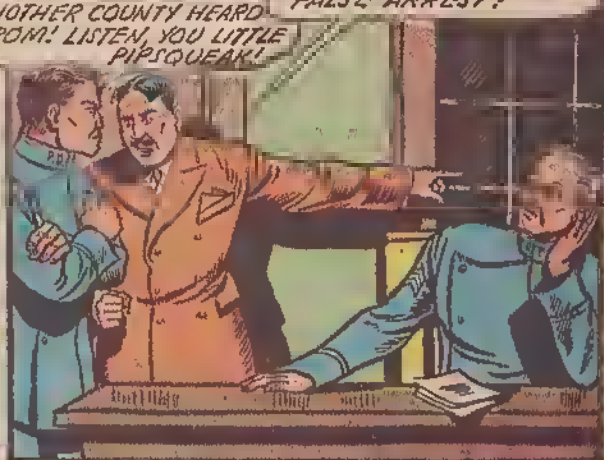
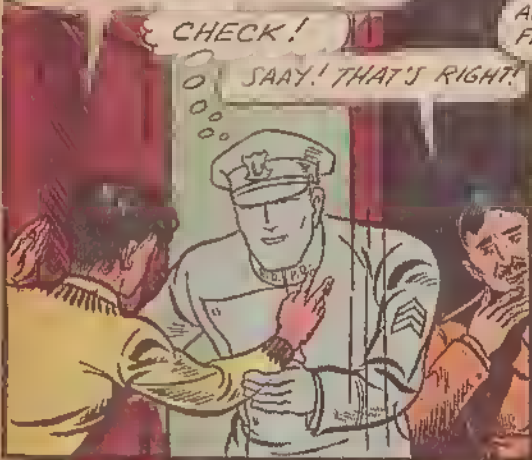
THIS PROVES THERE ARE TWO GHOSTS, SPOOK! LET'S GO!

CHECK!

SAAY! THAT'S RIGHT!

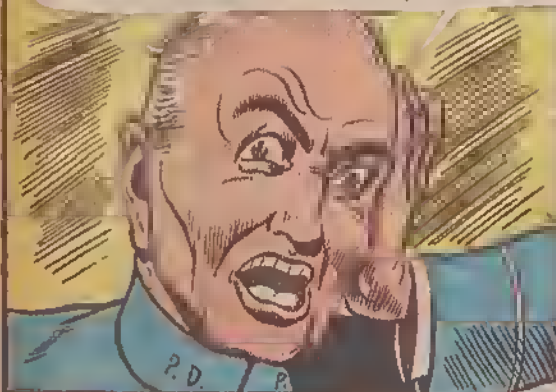
I DEMAND THE RELEASE OF MY CLIENT, THE RADIO GHOST, IMMEDIATELY--WE'LL SUE FOR FALSE ARREST!

ANOTHER COUNTY HEARD FROM! LISTEN, YOU LITTLE PIPSQUEAK!



I LOCKED HIM UP SO THE TOWN WOULDN'T LYNCH HIM! -- FOR HIS OWN GOOD! -- SEE? -- BUT I'M FED UP WITH THE WHOLE THING! TAKE HIM! GET HIM OUT OF HERE!

DUCK, KID... HERE THEY COME NOW!



GOOD WORK, PADERS-- HOW'D YOU SPRING ME?

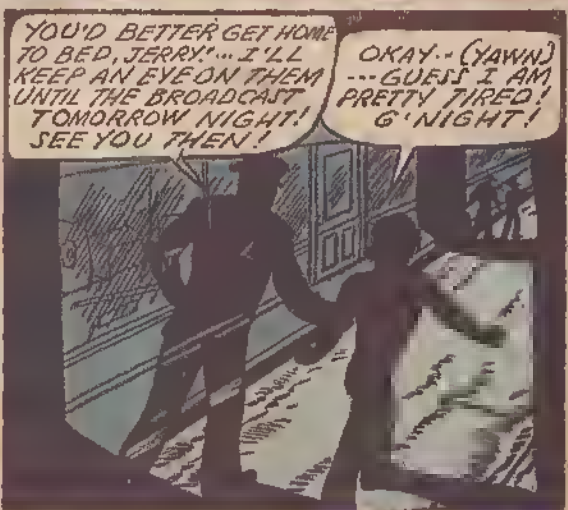
FORCE, MY BOY! FORCE.

SHH!

HUH!--MMM--

YOU'D BETTER GET HOME TO BED, JERRY!... I'LL KEEP AN EYE ON THEM UNTIL THE BROADCAST TOMORROW NIGHT! SEE YOU THEN!

OKAY.. (YAWN) ...GUESS I AM PRETTY TIRED! G'NIGHT!

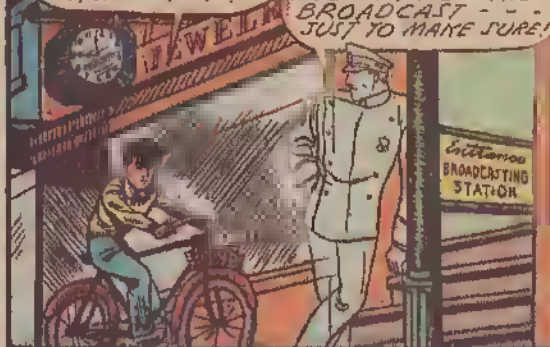




JERRY COULD HARDLY WAIT TO FINISH HIS PART-TIME JOB AFTER SCHOOL TO START CHASING THE RADIO GHOST.

SORRY TO BE LATE, SPOOK -- GET ANYTHING ON THEM YET?

NO -- BUT I'M STILL HOPING! IN FIFTEEN MINUTES I'LL SIT IN ON HIS BROADCAST -- JUST TO MAKE SURE!



STILL DON'T TRUST I DON'T KNOW -- IT HIM EITHER, EH? DOES SEEM LIKE TOO MUCH OF A COINCIDENCE THAT THOSE ROBBERIES HAPPEN JUST WHEN HE'S ON THE AIR -- AND UNDER THE SAME NAME! ARE YOU COMING?



NAW -- I, AH -- NEED SOME FRESH AIR -- SEE YOU LATER!



AND LATER -- THE WITCHING HOUR --



MIDNIGHT! AND TIME FOR ANOTHER CHILLING, THRILLING STORY FROM --



GOOD E-V-E-N-I-N-G- HEH! HEH! HEH!



I'LL JUST RIDE AROUND TOWN  
AND--UH-OH! HERE'S MY  
PROGRAM . . .

TONIGHT WE  
DEAL WITH  
IMPENDING  
DEATH!

EEEEEEKKK!

HOLY SMOKES! THAT SCREAM  
WASN'T FROM THE RADIO --  
SOUNDED LIKE IT CAME  
FROM THE HOUSE OVER  
THERE WHERE THE CAR  
IS PARKED! BETTER  
HAVE A LOOK-SEE!

HELP! POLICE --  
IT'S THE GHOST!

YIPE! LOOKS  
LIKE I'M  
HIDING BEHIND  
THE WRONG  
OBJECT!

GOOD... DIDN'T  
SPOT ME! --  
BUT NOW  
WHAT?

AS THE CAR ROLLS AWAY  
JERRY ACTS FAST !!

NOTHING ELSE I COULD DO!  
-- EASY ON THE TURNS, PAL! --  
IT'S NONE TOO COMFORTABLE  
BACK HERE!

LATER --

-- ANOTHER JOB? GUESS  
NOT ... THIS PLACE HASN'T  
BEEN LIVED IN IN YEARS --  
YIPE! IT'S HIS HIDEOUT!





THANKS FOR THE  
TIP, KID -- BUT IT  
LOOKS AS IF WE'RE  
TOO LATE!

YEAH.. HE'S GONE.  
ALL RIGHT! GUESS  
HE MISSED ME AND  
FIGURED I'D GONE  
FOR HELP!

I KNOW HOW TO TRAP  
HIM -- WE'LL CHANGE  
THE TIME OF MY  
BROADCAST AND...

**THE NEXT NIGHT... WHEN THE GHOST STARTS TO BROADCAST.**

COPS WAITING ALL OVER TOWN  
AND WE'VE HIT THE JACKPOT!  
THAT'S THE CROOK'S CAR STOP-  
PING AT THE BANK NOW! C'MON!

LEAVE THIS TO ME,  
PAL-- YOU GET  
THE COPS!

HAH! THOUGHT HE  
FOOLED ME, DID HE?  
HA! HA! THIS IS MY  
BIGGEST HAUL!

NOT  
QUITE.

IT'S YOUR  
BIGGEST  
MISTAKE!

AWWK!

THERE! THAT'LL  
KEEP YOU PUT  
FOR A WHILE!

IN HERE,  
OFFICER.

JERRY! LISTEN...  
BZZ BZZZ!

OKAY-- ER-- FIND THE  
COMBINATION OF THE  
VAULT, BOYS, AND YOU'LL  
FIND THE MAN!

WELL I'LL BE!

YOU'RE ALL  
RIGHT, KID!  
HOW'D YOU  
SWING IT?

THE REAL CREDIT GOES TO  
THE RADIO GHOST! FOR  
CHANGING HIS RADIO  
TIME... THAT THREW  
THE CROOK OFF!

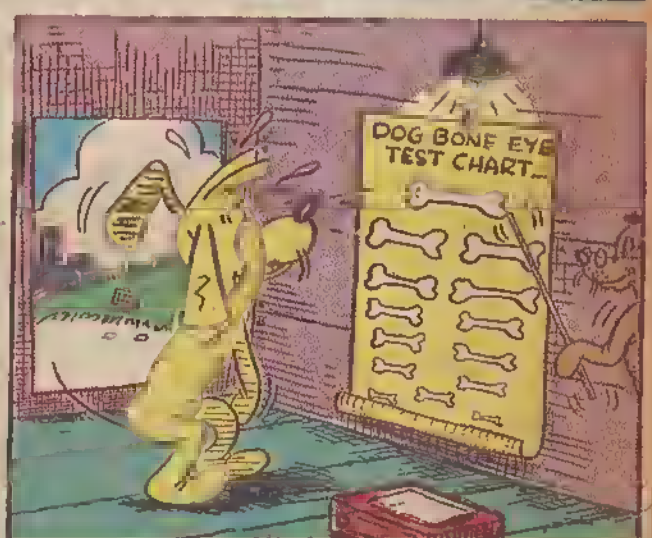
I GET IT... YOU  
FIXED IT SO HE'D  
TIE HIS HAND!  
NICE GOING!

LATER

THAT CLEARS OUR  
FRIEND - BUT, BOY  
WOULD I LIKE TO  
REHAUNT THAT  
CROOKED GHOST!

THAT'S MY DEPARTMENT. PRISON CELLS GET AWFULLY LONE SOME AT NIGHT-- AND, STONE WALLS ARE NO BARRIER TO ME. "HA! HA!"





SHOW THE RASCALS THEY CAN'T WIN  
BY SAVING PAPER, FAT AND TIN.

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EXTRA WIDE

**SEND TODAY GIVEN**

Mail the coupon today. Your package sent immediately and you pay postman only \$1.95 each plus a few cents mailing cost and 20% Federal Tax for either the ring or earrings. **or arrive! SEND NO MONEY** will order back. **Wear 10 days on money.**

*Hollywood Photo Folder*



**EMPIRE DIAMOND CO., Dept. 36-BP Jefferson, Iowa**

I want to take advantage of your special bargain offer. Please send me the following:

☐ Extra Wide Band Sterling Silver "Forget-Me-Not" Ring ☐ Matching Sterling Silver Pendant Heart Earrings

I understand I can return my order within 10 days for any reason and you will refund promptly.

Name .....  
Address .....  
City .....  
State ..... Ring Size .....

## Beautiful Simulated BIRTHSTONE

## RING GIVEN AWAY

Also Other Valuable Gifts.

Smart, new, dainty, Sterling Silver Ring set with sparkling simulated Birthstone correct for your birth date—GIVEN for selling only 5 boxes of Gold Crown Spot Remover and Cleaner at 25c each and returning the money collected. Dozens of other useful and valuable gifts (Hose, Pens, Scales, Rings, Lockets, Costume Jewelry, etc.) are also of in our free catalog-circular. Send name and address today for order catalog to start.



Birthstone Ring Given for Selling 5 boxes.



Hollywood Locket-Given for selling 10 boxes.

**Just Send The Coupon We TRUST You**

Many feel it's lucky to wear their birthstone. Send coupon today. **GOLD CROWN PRODUCTS, Dept. E-182, Jefferson, Iowa**

Enclose this coupon in an envelope or paste it on a postcard and send it to **GOLD CROWN PRODUCTS, Dept. E-182, Jefferson, Iowa**, for order to start.

NAME .....  
ADDRESS .....  
CITY ..... STATE .....

Gift I would like to have you send me.

Powerful Telescope for spotting planes Given for selling 10 boxes.



Ladies' Ring Given for Selling 5 boxes.